

Saint Andrew's College Review



Christmas
1925



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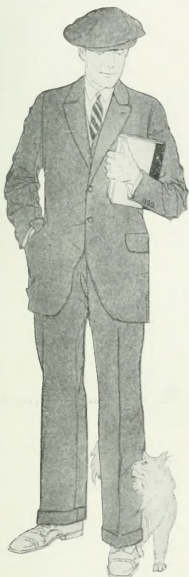
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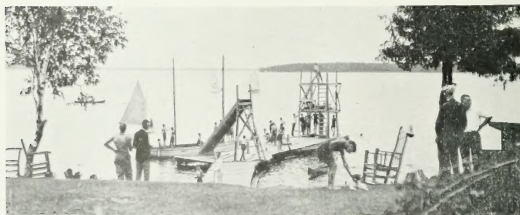


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The St. Andrew's College Review



Christmas, 1925

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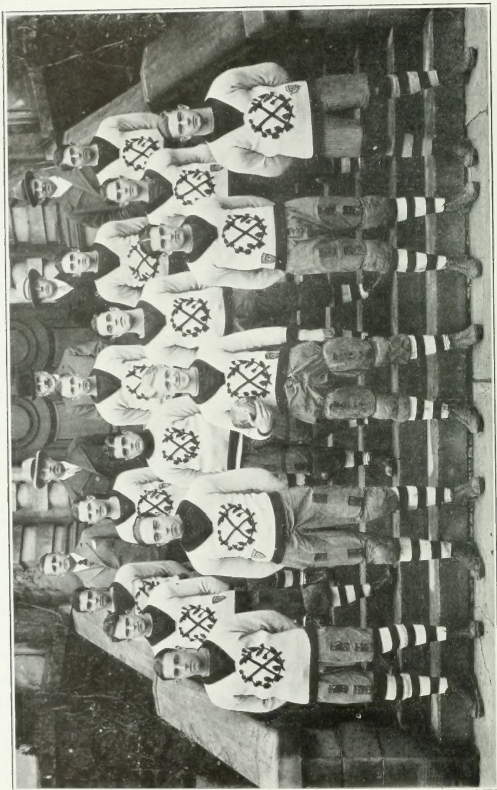
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EVERY CHRISTMAS, EASTER AND MIDSUMMER

Christmas, 1925

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THE FIRST TEAM

St. Andrew's College Review

Christmas, 1925

EDITORIAL

Our first duty is to add our congratulations to the First Football on winning its seventh Championship; this, we feel, is a fitting climax to a football season which has been particularly enjoyable and successful throughout the school.

There have been some changes since last year; the REVIEW especially mourns the loss of its Chief of Staff, Mr. J. C. Auld, who is, we understand, imprinting the word "Kardex" on the heart of the business world of Canada. Then the twin claims of business and domesticity have lured from us Mr. Derbyshire, who was for four years in the Lower School, and last year a house master in the Upper School. We extend to him also our best wishes for the future. Mr. Widdrington has come from the Lower School to take Mr. Auld's place, while "Hap" Earle, in Mr. Derbyshire's stead, is an Old Boy who needs no introduction. We should like to welcome to the Lower School Mr. H. C. Hardwick, who comes to us from Nottingham University, from Jamaica and from the Normal School.

Probably the last game of football by a St. Andrew's team has been played on these grounds; this feeling of finality is common to all our activities as we go through the school year, and naturally we, being sentimental creatures, are sometimes a little sad. But at Aurora the new school is rapidly rising from the ground, and thither our hopes and aspirations for a splendid future are directed.

G. N. T. W.

SCHOOL-DAY MEMORIES OR WHEN I WAS A BOY, SON

The bell rang loudly. Simultaneously sixty and some odd boys leapt from under red and white covers, wiping enormous pieces of sleep from half-closed eyes. While these cubicles of drowsiness were finding their way toward the floor the bell ceased tolling, or rather its audibility was diminished to such an extent by the creaking of released springs in the lately, occupied beds and snapping of numerous shoe-laces that only the ringer was able to hear it. He consequently stopped, realizing his artistic efforts to be in vain.

For this was Jack the Janitor, Doortender, etc. and, dear readers, he was ringing the breakfast bell at St. Andrew's College on a beautiful Monday morning. Seldom are Monday mornings beautiful, but this Monday morning was an exception. Enough for introduction.

After rising and wiping sleep from eyes (don't mistake this preliminary wiping of eyes for the more pressing matter of washing; that comes later, after breakfast, as a matter of fact) the boy's next proceeding is to don trousers, shoes and tie, to dash madly for the stairs, not forgetting in his haste a coat to cover the rent made by last night's pyjama fight.

The last echo of the bell dies away, finding all the boys assembled in two straight and rigid lines, each individual at attention, waiting patiently for a master to lead him down to breakfast. At least, this is how Mr. Laidlaw would have it. The real case being entirely different, let us pass on.

All the boys on the training tables are looking forward to a good breakfast; they have been for the past two weeks, needless to say, in vain. The other boys have no high hopes to be shattered and are naturally dejected.

The usual breakfast is served and eaten with the usual amount of zeal by the usual number of boys. The first course, consisting of apples, is devoured (ostensibly to keep the Dr. away, although some of the boys, who eat apples in the same sense as Chinamen lap up rice, have the Dr. up here as often as Gus appears at the infirmary on clinic day).

The sport pages in all available papers having been eagerly scanned, the boys now have time to look around and see what master is on duty; (this is easy as he is, of course, the only one down). Having ascertained this important fact they next look the dining-room over for new maids; seeing none they gaze out the window to have their morning's look at the outside world, and to learn whether it has been snowing, raining o

merely monotonously pleasant since they last saw it the previous afternoon.

Rolph, who has just finished reading the society news, is the first to notice the beauty of this particular Monday morning. However, before he has time to tell the gang all about it, on comes the porridge (cream of wheat, if it is Monday, which it is). A silence descends on the room as the boys fall to.

As usual, the hungry lads cry for seconds. As usual, Katie brings back word, after the usual sortie into the kitchen, that there 's no more porridge. As usual, Dunlap I, after the usual urging from his left-hand man, holds whispered words with Mrs. Montgomery, who, as always, leaves four pieces of toast burning while she goes out to interview the cook. Soon Mrs. Montgomery reappears, a victorious glitter in her eyes, which bodes well for the porridge-eaters, but the boys, after two weeks of similar proceedings, know that this means nothing, and resign themselves to the inevitable, intending to make up for it at lunch.

Then on come the eggs. The boys know what to do with these, and hungry as they are leave them where they stand, well understadning, as did Tantalus, that you can't catch a hard-boiled egg that's old enough to fly. Then the toast, and ah, what toast! Cold, hard, crisp, the kind that Mother may have made the first time. But the boys love this toast; they have become quite attached to it. With thinly spread marmalade and butter they eat piece after piece till Katie brings back the usual word, "There may be more bread but the toast's all gone."

At last breakfast is over and the boys leave the table singing the old school song:

"No more skipping,
No more flunking,
I'm through with the girls."

A. W. SAVARY,
Lower Sixth.



"HIS DAILY DOZEN"

“1794”

Above the greystone walls of the prison court-yard we could see the poplars glittering in the sun. Out in the street along which the poplars ran the “Sons of France and Freedom” were parading. They had had a busy day, these “Sons of France.” The creaking of the tumbrils had gone on incessantly from early morn, and the ruddy hue on the bayonets could not be truthfully credited to the sole effect of rust.

At present there were quite a few aristocrats, our family included, crowded together in the ante-chamber leading to the tribunal court-room. One after the other stepped into the next room for their trial, and were greeted with a roar and a shower of rotten vegetables and other missiles. A huge republican flag waved majestically over the great doorway, whilst everywhere the tri-coloured cockade was worn and contemptuously flourished before the faces of the condemned.

Everything had pointed to an outbreak of this kind, and in spite of the fact that for months Marat and Robespierre had conducted an open and merciless campaign against the king and nobility, my father had scoffed at the idea of fleeing from France, and stubbornly refused to even repair to his chateau in the Alps. It is true that a great many of the upper classes had taken warning from certain rumours spread throughout the city and had sailed for England. But, on the whole, only a few had succeeded in escaping the “Reign of Terror.” Generations of unchecked license and expenditure had bequeathed to the nobility proud and condescending ears to the note of warning which sounded in the spring and was realized in the daily riots throughout the whole of France.

The length of our trial and reading of the sentence had lasted exactly three minutes, so that soon we were once more conducted through the long, dirty corridors with damp floors and flickering torches hung at intervals in iron rings to the walls. Everything had the appearance of being decayed, and all was still as death save for the rain leaking through the rafters which would make the torches sizzle and splutter out, then the awful silence again, that we were to endure for weeks.

The autumn turned out to be dull and cold; we could not even see the poplars now as we were in a subterranean cell with but one small gap high up in the wall through which came the wind, the leaves, and the rain—sometimes the sun, and then a small beam would stray vaguely across the flag-stones of the cell only to fade away as the afternoon mist swept over the jail. We would sit chilled and half-starved watching the rats gnawing at our mattresses and hearing the heavy tramp of the

guards above. Sometimes a pail of water would be shoved through an opening in the ceiling, and it would generally crash down unexpectedly among us and be half-emptied over the straw before we could reach it. Pieces of black bread and handfuls of wet rice were often thrown down at us, at such times we would hear the boisterous soldiers in the ale-house above and catch a glimpse of the fire in the open hearth. Then all would fall into darkness and the wind would blow in little gusts through the gap in the wall.

Winter at last drew nigh, and we could faintly hear the familiar cry of the charcoal dealers in the street and the tumbrils crunching by through the snow. For days we had not seen the glow of the fire above nor had we been showered with food. As the days kept passing and no food came, a horrible idea grew in our minds; no one spoke of it, but I am sure all of us thought, as we gazed terror-stricken and overcome with hunger that we had been forgotten. The snow had drifted into our cell and now clogged up the window. The rats had eaten the last of the bread, and the straw floated about in puddles of rain-water. There we lay in chains, the water lapping about us. No one spoke a word, but groped for his companion's hand, and, grasping it, waited for the end.

A. L. SMITH,

Upper Sixth.

A PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES

Our troupe consisted of seventy players—acrobats, jugglers, freaks and clowns. We had almost completed a ten weeks' circuit through the small towns of western Canada, and were now nearing a place called Marquette.

During the whole night we had puffed along a very rough line. The rain had trickled down the grim windows of the cars, and we heard the brakes grind dismally as we pulled into one small station after another. Early in the morning we saw the city lights dimly twinkling through the windows, a greyish mist swept over the country-side. Slowly the suburban scenery gave way to tawdry yards and blazing bill-boards, smoky winding streets and shabby stores. When we pulled in most of the company were already astir. Soon the station men could be heard hurrying along the station platform with great loads of canvas; and properties. Even at this early hour quite a shivering crowd of enthusiasts had collected. They gaped wonderingly at us as we proceeded to mount the circus busses outside the station. Here things were a bit quieter. Workmen could be seen straggling along through the morning mist; an occasional milk-cart would rattle by. The rain pattered down on the tram roof. Sombre rows of houses bordering the street could not have appeared more dismal than the occupants of our car. We were cold, sleepy, and hungry; several of the troupe had brought cans of condensed milk and crackers, so that there was a general condensing and cracking. In fact, I had only one little crack when we stopped with a jolt before the circus grounds. Tents and stalls were being erected, and everything was in a general bustle, and the managers were strolling through the grounds. They had donned their whitest vests and spats and were directing everything with true professional swagger. The company was soon given some refreshment in the way of tea and sandwiches. The tents and stalls had been fixed in place, and soon the crowd poured into the fair grounds. Great streams of humanity and clouds of cigarette smoke (rolled) poured through the midway and exhibition stands. The aroma of fried steak, onions, and sizzling potatoes drifted through the grounds and everything was so gay and full of life.

Let us take a peep behind the scenes and see what is behind the tinsel and the paint. I wonder how many ever come in contact with some of the circus people or understand their queer wandering lives. How many catch the bored, wearied glance of the chorus girl or clown under all the paint and powder? or regard the circus as nothing but one wonderful holiday of gorgeous fun—how many?

CROWE,
Lower Sixth A.

MY FIRST BUSINESS

In 1924 the citizens of Carleton Place (one of the finest towns in the Ottawa Valley) decided to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of their birthplace by an Old Home Week.

Knowing the crowds which follow such events I thought it a good opportunity to make some money, so going to my father I asked him if it would be profitable to run a booth on the main street near one of the dancing pavilions.

Well, I guess it is a father's nature to think his son brainless, for he said that if I ever tried to run a booth I would, nine chances out of ten, go in the hole.

This set-back a most ended my career as a hot-dog slinger, but on finding a boy who was willing to go 50-50 with me on the profits or losses such as they might be, I got renewed hope and began preparations.

This consisted of ordering all the requirements for the week; and it was certainly an interesting job, as there were men from all the ice cream and pop companies, each trying to tell you how much better their goods were, and what they would do for you if you handled their products. Of course, I did not know the good from the bad, and I guess I was easily sucked in, but I made sure that I paid as little as possible for what I got, and that everything was delivered in time so that on the eventful morning we were all ready for business.

Well, the first day was rather slack and I was almost sorry I had not taken my father's advice, but the starting of the dancing soon changed my views. Crowds of people gathered around our little stand, yelling the name of their favourite drink with such harmony that it reminded me of the Mendelssohn Choir which I had the pleasure of hearing last fall.

We stayed open until after two in the morning, and then retired for a well-deserved rest.

The first day, needless to say, was a big success, and so were the next five that followed, so that on Saturday night, having added the credits and deducted the debits, we were \$120 up—sixty a piece; not too bad for six days' work and a lot of pleasure!

G. E. CRAIG.

VA.

"ONE-EYED" CONNELLY

THE CHAMPION GATE-CRASHER OF THE WORLD

"The fights' official, One-Eyed Connelly, has arrived," a hoarse voice announced this at the Wills-Firpo fight at Boyle's Acres, and the hundreds of fight fans within the sound of the voice, applauded vigorously and settled back with highly amused faces.

Practically the same announcement has been made at every big sport event in recent years, and it means that "One-Eyed" Connelly, known as the champion gate-crasher of the world, has again triumphed; that despite every obstacle put in his path, the clever little Irishman has again found a way to climb into the charmed inner circle without presenting a ticket at the gate.

If you think it's not much of a task try it some day, then multiply your difficulties by picturing this situation: that at sport events all over the country, "One-Eyed," and his determination to crash gates, is well known; and invariably, some time before the opening gong is sounded, there is a cry of "Watch the gates, 'One-Eye' is trying to crash," and everybody concerned is watching to intercept him—determined for the sporting principle of the thing that he shall not pass, when—down by the press seats, or the judges' stand (invariably from a good vantage point) some one discovers him and announces that the inevitable has happened and "One-Eyed" Connelly has crashed again.

How many times this has happened I hardly know as "One-Eye" has been crashing gates for thirty years; and in that time he has seen every important Championship, unless two important events take place in the same week at widely separated distances. And there is no good proof that he ever failed to crash the gate into any event, except once at a fight at Vernon, California, he didn't see the fight take place.

The promoter on this occasion thought it a good joke to have Connelly jailed, pretending that he was a notorious crook. So while the fight went on to its thrilling finish "One-Eye" chewed indignant finger-nails behind the bars of the town jail. But, of course, "One-Eye" doesn't count this fight, as it was a very unsportsmanlike thing to do. "A chance is all I want," he says, and most people who know "One Eye" personally are willing to take his word for it.

Why does he do it? many people ask. They reason that it must be more than a desire to "hobo" the price of a ticket for a man to travel hundreds of miles, endure actual hardships and rebuffs simply to save a few dollars, and they are right. It means a great deal more than a few dollars to Connelly to crash gate. He is fired by a burning ambition to crash the gates at all cost, because it gives him supreme satisfaction to pit his Irish wit, his knowledge of human nature, his punch to stick at a thing, against the equally great determination to keep him outside the gates of sport events.

Queer ambition—yes. But it is an ambition, and if you can fulfil your ambition you have accomplished something. And strange as is his ambition, it isn't entirely unworthy of attention.

The various chemes Connelly uses to get inside the different events are invariably clever. Rebuffs, near failure, seem to sharpen and intensify his wits. At the Dempsey-Firpo fight "One Eye" was put to using his last ounce of native wit. At this fight the drag lines were (to use the slang) particularly "hard boiled," but Connelly, whose motto is "There is always a way to get by," was very alert for the right suggestion. It came when Connelly saw an empty second-hand trunk. The latter he borrowed and half an hour later "One Eye" appeared at one of the entrances. It came on a wagon, the trunk was thrown off, and Connelly apparently almost staggering under a heavy weight, approached the ticket window.

"Where are you going?" yelled a policeman.

"Got a trunk for the Polo Grounds," Connelly yelled back.

"What's in it?"

"Tickets."

"Where from?"

"Madison Square Garden."

"Where'd they tell you to put the trunk?" the ticket man now broke in.

"In the office," replied Connelly.

"Then why in h—— don't you?" the man shrieked.

And Connelly's troubles for the day were over.

A. L. SMITH,
Upper Sixth.



AN IDEAL

It lay in the midst of the sparkling waters of the Old Bay of Oscosh, surrounded by numerous small bodies of land enshrouded in lofty pines and elms. It rested like an emerald in a setting of diamonds, showing up its wonderful green splendour on the glittering background.

It was an island, rather irregular in shape with numerous small bays and inlets. There was no sign of human occupation whatsoever, and it was with an eye of a lover of nature that I gazed upon this masterpiece.

In my mind I resolved to build a home here some day, away from the busy humdrum of life, and settle down for a rest. It was not until a few years later that my desire was partially realized. Aided by a few financial successes, I was able at last to set out for my island, as I called it.

~~I~~ I was taken to my destination by a quaint old sea-captain who, I knew, would keep silent about my plans; and so my adventure began.

I arrived there about noon after two days on the boat, and with the exception of the captain and a few native boys who were his crew, I was alone. On our arrival we chose a suitable place for camp, and immediately lay down to rest for the work on the morrow. We arose early, and our first task was to unload the timbers for my cabin, which had taken the place of the elaborate house in my mind. Three days later the cabin rose to view on the slope of a small hill, overlooking the light green waters of the bay, and protected by overhanging trees. I began the furnishing of my cabin, and by the end of the week it was fit for occupation. After unloading the supplies, which would last me a year, I dismissed the captain and his crew, and sent them back to civilized life. As the ship faded from view I thought I had seen the last of humans for at least a year.

From that time on life was ideal for me, no work, no worries, no responsibilities, only rest and comfort. I spent my time exploring the island and watching nature at work, and it was after a month of uninterrupted joy that the crash of my adventure came.

It was as I was sitting on the steps of my cabin, gazing out over the wide expanse of water before me, that I saw the smoke of a vessel in the distance which I thought was approaching. That ever-growing speck held my gaze for a long time, until I was at last able to see that it was a fair-sized steamer headed directly for my island. I arose and ran down to the beach to see who this monster was that was breaking in upon my rest. My surprise at perceiving this vessel to be loaded with coarse-

looking individuals nearly dumbfounded me. A great fear overcame me that my haunt was to become a festival ground. Yet the coarse appearance of the passengers and the sight of several uniformed men puzzled me. I was at the water's edge waiting for an answer to this predicament, when the boat sailed into the bay. Something in its sinister appearance seemed to send a chill of an impending disaster over me.

As the ship came to rest, several men, neatly dressed, descended from the deck and came towards me in an authoritative manner. The first man to arrive seemed to be the leader of the party, and he immediately spoke to me in a gruff manner: "What are you doing on this island?" I felt like some criminal caught in the act of stealing, and how I longed to be back in a city. Before I could reply, the same man ordered me to pack up and depart. I gathered enough nerve to ask his reason, and you can imagine my amazement when he replied that this beautiful island, this perfect work of nature, was to be used, to be defiled, as a convict settlement.

The sight of the unloading of the prisoners only hastened my departure, and thus I left forever my isle of rest, left it gleaming still in the magnificent splendour of the sunlit waters of the bay, but nevertheless a crumbled castle of my dreams.

L. MACNEILL,
Upper Fourth.

FIRST TEAM PERSONNEL

"BLONDY" KIRKLAND.—Middle wing. As captain he is probably one of the best that we have ever had. He has shown excellent judgment and spirit in handling the team. This is his third year on the team.

"EDDIE" McLENNAN.—Was captain of the 1924 First Team and has played and starred on the firsts for three years. Undoubtedly he is the strongest middle wing that we have had in a long time. Next year McLennan will go to McGill University, where we all wish him success.

"DYSON" SLATER.—An old colour, who improved greatly as the season went on. He teamed well with Kirkland, and between them they were able to "mess things up," as a spectator might say. His position was inside.

"JACK" BROWN.—Congratulations, "Jack," on the plucky game which you played at Ridley. This is "Jack's" second year as quarter, and during all our games he showed very good judgment. He tackled exceptionally well at Ridley.

"ROSS" MILLER.—Another old colour who played on the half-line for his second year. A star during all the games, and his clever running at T.C.S. was our main yard-gainer.

"BOB" SCOTT.—Played at outside wing where his tackling was the feature of the Ridley game. His first year on the team he played centre-scrim., and for a while last year he played flying wing, and now he is starring at outside. "Bob" is a versatile player.

"JACK" DUNLAP, our scrim-support who played steadily all year. Broke through well on the kicks and he also stopped many dangerous-looking bucks.

"BILL" LOVERING.—Was once on the second team, where he played half-back. He did not return last year, and it looked as though we had lost a promising player, but he could not desert the old school, and we now find him playing half-back on the first team. His kicking in all the games was invaluable to the team.

"JACK" SHEPPARD.—Teamed well on the half-line, and although injured early in the season he played stellar rugby. A sure catch and a fast runner.

"GEORGE" REID.—A very good tackler and followed up well on the kicks. Came up from last year's seconds and by determination and grit he has earned his colours.

"ALEX" CARRICK.—He has shown that, like his brothers, you can't keep a Carrick off a football team. A good tackler and dived at his

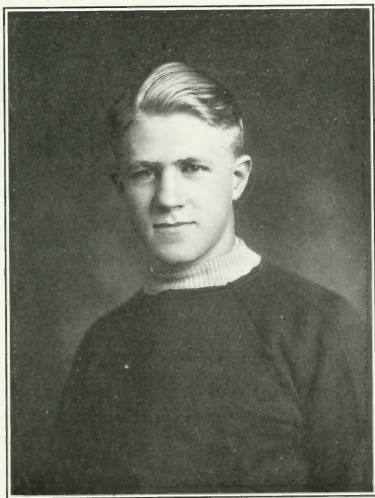
man with great ferocity. He played flying-wing, and we all hope that he will be with us next year.

"BOB" HEGGIE.—Inside. A very fast runner and a good ball-carrier. Came up from last year's thirds. It is seldom that an old third team player makes the Firsts. Congratulations, "Bob."

"TONY" SMITH.—Our petit centre-scrim. "Tony" could be found all over the field, especially where there were loose balls. A good tackler and is a fine player to have where there is "heavy going."

"ERIC" SCOTT.—We cannot forget "Eric's" touch against T.C.S. Eric once played for them. At scrim support he played well and never gave up until the whistle blew. Broke through well on the kicks.

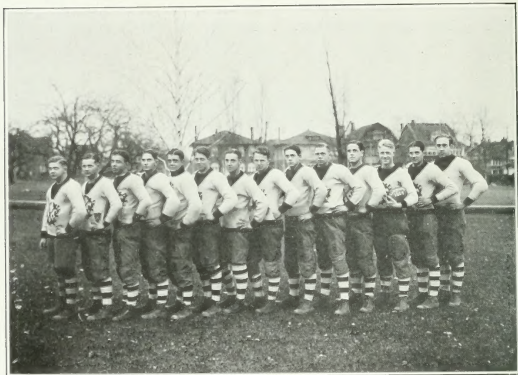
W.O.L.



'BLONDY' KIRKLAND—FOOTBALL CAPTAIN 1925

THE FIRST TEAM

Once again has the First Football Team brought honour to the school in winning the Championship of The Little Big Four series. The team did not lose a game during the whole season, which is quite a creditable performance. The coaches found it hard to get preliminary games on account of the High School Schedule. However, what games were played were keenly contested. Every player tried his best to get a place on the First Team since there were only six old colours back.



THE FIRST TEAM

On September 25th the Senior squad defeated North Toronto 15-1. The game was somewhat uninteresting mainly because of the rainy weather. This was followed by defeating Jarvis Collegiate 22-7 in an exciting encounter. The running of Miller and Russell being outstanding. The last game before the Series commenced was with Varsity Juniors. They were completely outclassed, and the team was able to pile up a score of 31 points to their 7.

S.A.C. vs. B.R.C.

The opening game of the Little Big Four series took place with Ridley College on their grounds on October 24th. A drizzling rain

which lasted throughout made it difficult to play good football. The Ridley team showed a strong line, but weakened in the latter part of the game before the persistent attack of the S.A.C. players.

FIRST PERIOD

Ridley won the toss and chose to kick with the wind. S.A.C. kicked off and the game was on. On the second down Brown got a kick over the eye and was forced to retire. However, he showed great pluck by returning shortly after. Ridley opened the play with a succession of bucks, which did not help S.A.C. any, but the ball was so slippery that both teams resorted to kicking. Play varied around mid-field until Clark broke away for twenty yards. Ridley then took advantage of the wind and kicked for a point. S.A.C. came back strongly, but were unable to get within scoring distance. The period ended 1-0.

SECOND PERIOD

Early in the second quarter, on an end run, S.A.C. gained fifteen yards, and were in possession of the ball on Ridley's 25-yard line when Lovering kicked for a point, tying the score 1-1. Ridley were forced back to their one-yard line, where they tried a kick which was partially blocked. S.A.C. gained possession, and Brown went over for a touch which was not converted. Score 6-1. Both teams kept up kicking, and Ridley had a good chance to score a point when 25 yards out, but S.A.C. broke up the kick, and Lovering then kicked the ball out of danger. Score at half-time, 6-1.

THIRD PERIOD

Brown returned the kick-off and Ridley gained possession of the ball on S.A.C. 40-yard line. Davey then kicked a long ball to Miller, who was tackled behind the goal for a point. Ridley, by keeping up an aerial attack, were able to score two more points. Score 6-4. S.A.C., on finding that the Ridley score was mounting up, took a change and fought back fiercely, keeping their opponents from scoring during the remainder of the game. Scott I and Reid were tackling exceptionally well and prevented the Ridley halves from gaining yards on catches.

FOURTH PERIOD

An exchange of kicks and an interference for Ridley gave S.A.C. the ball on their opponents' 25-yard line. Lovering kicked for a point. Davey runs 20 yards and on next down kicks to half-way. Sheppard makes a 30-yard gain for the longest run of the game and brings the ball to Ridley's 20-yard line only to lose the ball on offside. Ridley are

forced back to their 1-yard line, where they attempt a kick but the ball goes out. S.A.C. try an onside kick, but Davey secures the ball. However, he was pushed over the line for a safety touch. Lovering and Sheppard, by sharing the kicking, were able to score five more points before the whistle blew. The game ended with the ball on Ridley's 15-yard line.

The kicking of Lovering and Sheppard, and the tackling of Scott and McLennan, were the features of the game, while Davey and Clark were outstanding for Ridley.

LINE-UP

R.B.C.—Flying wing, Clark; halves, Davey, Neeve and Rogers; quarter, Bell; scrim, Granger, Stringer and Chaplin; insides, Sharpe and Chapple; middles, Buchanan and Bennett; outsides, Maw and Lind; spares, Seely, Counsell, Currie, Eastwood, Little, Jackson, Tucker.

S.A.C.—Flying wing, Carrick; halves, Lovering, Sheppard and Miller; quarter, Brown; scrim, Smith, Scott and Dunlap I; insides, Slater and Heggie; middles, Kirkland and McLennan; outsides, Reid and Scott I.

Referees.—Maynard and Murray.

S.A.C. vs. U.C.C.

The game, which we thought would practically decide the championship for either team, took place between S.A.C. and U.C.C. on our grounds on October 31st.

It was a clear and crisp morning with a slight wind blowing from the south. The field was very slippery and both teams found it hard to keep their footing. Injuries were few, thus making the game fast and clean. At half-time it looked as if we would win a decisive victory since we were leading by 10 points, but U.C.C. came back with a strong offensive and out-scored us 5 to 1.

FIRST PERIOD

U.C.C. won the toss and took the south end of the field. S.A.C. kicked off to Logie, who returned. S.A.C. started off poorly, and on a blocked kick and a fumbled ball. U.C.C. were in possession on our 20-yard line, when Logie kicked for a point. 1-0. Play varied around midfield for the better part of the period until near the end, when on a faked pass to Lovering, Sheppard broke away for 20 yards. On the next play Miller was injured but continued playing. S.A.C. by now were playing better football and showed more fighting spirit. S.A.C.

broke up a kick and Brown dribbled the ball to their 10-yard line, but an U.C.C. player recovered. Logie kicked to Miller, who ran the ball to their 3-yard line just before time was called. The tackling of Scott I and Kirkland was largely responsible for U.C.C. being on the defensive. Score, 1-0 for U.C.C.

SECOND PERIOD

On changing over S.A.C. had the ball on U.C.C. 3-yard line. On the first down the U.C.C. line held but a Heggie-to-Reid combination brought the ball across the line for our first touchdown amid wild enthusiasm from the S.A.C. supporters. Scott I failed to convert. Carrick returned the kick-off, and on U.C.C. first down Logie kicked into touch on their 45-yard line. A succession of kicks gave S.A.C. the ball on U.C.C. 30-yard line, when Sheppard kicked to Logie, who was tackled for a point on a spectacular tackle by Scott I. On a kick Doherty ran for 15 yards, and Logie followed by kicking a low-bounding ball to Miller, who ran back 25 yards, bringing the play to centre-field. Blocked kicks and a penalty put S.A.C. on the defensive, but on an end run Lovering broke away for a long gain until tackled by Seagram. Lovering kicked and recovered the ball himself, and again kicked to Doherty, who fumbled, and Scott I fell on the ball for a touch, which was not converted. Just before the whistle blew for half-time U.C.C. broke up a kick. Score, 11-1.

THIRD PERIOD

After the intermission Upper Canada improved form while S.A.C. faded badly. Time and again we lost the ball on interference. On Logie's kick, Sheppard passed to Miller, who ran back to centre-field. U.C.C. twice gained yards, and on an onside kick, Seagram secured the ball and ran into touch on our 3 yard line. S.A.C. held for two downs, but on a fake play Doherty ran around the short end for a touch, which was not converted. On an end run Miller gained 30 yards and then bucked for seven, bringing the play out of S.A.C. territory. Period ended, 11-6.

FOURTH PERIOD

The last 15 minutes were bitterly contested. U.C.C. were making a supreme effort to overcome the lead that S.A.C. had piled up in the first half. They had a wonderful opportunity to score a touch when on an onside kick an uncovered U.C.C. outside wing overran the ball and the chance was gone. An open field was ahead of him.

S.A.C. now had the ball on Upper Canada's 25-yard line. Lovering

then kicked to Logie, who was forced to rouge. On a fumble U.C.C. lost the ball on their first down. Lovering again kicks to Doherty, who runs the ball out. U.C.C. were taking risky chances, and brought into play long passes and onside kicks. Several times they broke through on the S.A.C. kicks. Doherty fumbled on a kick, and Smith fell on the loose ball, but once again did S.A.C. lose possession on interference. On a fake onside kick Seagram broke away for 30 yards and pass to Shelley, who was tackled by Scott I. U.C.C. kept on trying onside kicks, but could not get within scoring distance. The final period ended 12-6 for S.A.C.

Lovering, McLennan and Kirkland shone for S.A.C., while Seagram and Doherty were outstanding for U.C.C.

LINE-UP

U.C.C.—Flying wing, Findlayson; halves, Stewart, Logie, Doherty; quarter, Seagram; scrimmage, Henderson, Rousseau, MacMillan; insides, Shelby, Dewart; middles, Sinclair, Little; outsides, Baker, Wilson; spares, Barnet, Fee, Blackman, Crandall, McLeod, Atkinson, Farwell.

S.A.C.—Flying wing, Carrick; halves, Lovering, Sheppard, Miller; quarter, Brown; scrimmage, Dunlap, Scott II, Smith; insides, Slater, Hegg'e; middles, McLennan, Kirkland; outsides, Reid, Scott I; spares, Mercer, Turner, Careless, Russell, Fisher, Scott III, Barber.

Referees.—Stratton and Hobbs.

S.A.C. vs. T.C.S.

On November 6th the first team went to Port Hope to play Trinity College in the deciding game of the Little Big Four. We emerged the victors by a 23-2 score, thus winning the championship.

During the first half the S.A.C. contingent played her worst football of the year and continued doing so until the final period, when they scored 17 points. T.C.S. took advantage of our poor showing and kept the score dangerously close until the latter part of the game, when they weakened before the heavy onslaught of the S.A.C. line. However, they showed remarkable courage, and they deserve a great deal of credit.

FIRST PERIOD

The most outstanding thing that S.A.C. did in the first half was to win the toss. Lazier kicked off to Sheppard, who was downed in his tracks. S.A.C. relied on their heavy line to smash up the much lighter T.C.S. line, but would usually lose the ball on a fumble or some infringe-

ment of the rules. On an end run Miller gained 15 yards, and Lovering kicked on the next down. On an exchange of kicks Campbell punted for a point. S.A.C. came back strongly, and on a fumble by Seagram the ball was dribbled for S.A.C. first point. Before the period ended Miller again gained 15 yards and Sheppard kicked to Campbell, who fumbled but recovered. Score 1-1.

SECOND PERIOD

On changing over S.A.C. worked the ball to Trinity's 10-yard line. Failing to score a try on two plunges, Brown tried an onside kick, but Seagram secured, thus giving S.A.C. only 1 point. On a running catch Seagram gained 25 yards. On an attempted drop kick, which was blocked, Stevenson grabbed the ball and ran it to S.A.C. 25-yard line before being tackled by Miller. Campbell then kicked to Sheppard, who was forced to rouge. On a kick Hewitt dropped the ball and Smith fell on it at T.C.S. 5-yard line. Once again did S.A.C. fail to penetrate the line, and just before half-time was called Campbell kicked out of danger. Period ended 2-2.

THIRD PERIOD

On a line plunge T.C.S. dropped the ball and Reid fell on it. On an exchange of kicks Sheppard was tackled heavily by Lazier and forced to retire. Mercer substituted. S.A.C. had another good opportunity to score a try when Miller, McLennan and Kirkland worked the ball close to T.C.S. line only to lose their chance on interference. Lovering kicked to Seagram, who was forced to rouge. For the first time S.A.C. gain possession of the ball on interference and Lovering kick for a point. Heggie cleared the path for our next point, when he ran 35 yards. Lovering then added another. Just before the period ended Lovering again kicked for a point. Score 6-2.

FOURTH PERIOD

S.A.C. played the football that they were capable of and over-whelmed their opponents. Campbell kicked to Miller, who ran back 30 yards. Scott II added another 15 before they found out he had the ball, and on the next play Miller went over for a touch, which was not converted. A kick by T.C.S., which was partly blocked, failed to gain them yards and S.A.C. were given the ball, and on the first down they lost possession on interference. Campbell kicked to Miller, who run 25 yards and Heggie then went over for a touch, which was converted. Runs by Lovering and Miller brought S.A.C. within scoring distance, but again lost ball; however, they fumbled on the first down and the ball was

dribbled to their 5-yard line, when a T.C.S. man recovers. S.A.C. force the play on their opponents' line and on a fake play through centre Scott II score a touch which was converted by Scott I. There was no more scoring during the remainder of the game, and the play ended with T.C.S. in possession, but not the victors. Score 23-2.

Miller and Lovering played brilliantly on the half line, while the tackling of McLennan and Kirkland was very effective.

Vokes and Campbell starred for T.C.S.

LINE-UP

T.C.S.—Flying wing, Lazier; halves, Seagram, Campbell, Hewitt; quarter, Dulmage; scrumage, Archibald, Gwyn, Carhartt; insides, Cummings, Chown; middles, Vokes, Stevenson; outsides, Boone and Beatty; subs., Osler, Wennett, Biggar, Turner, Burns, Stritton and Defries.

S.A.C.—Flying wing, Carrick; halves, Lovering, Sheppard, Miller; quarter, Brown; scrumage, Scott II, Smith, Dunlap; insides, Heggie, Slater; middles, Kirkland, McLennan; outsides, Reid, Scott I; subs., Mercer, Turner, Fisher, Careless, Russell I, Scott III, Barber.

Referees.—Ramsay and Ogle.

W.O.L.

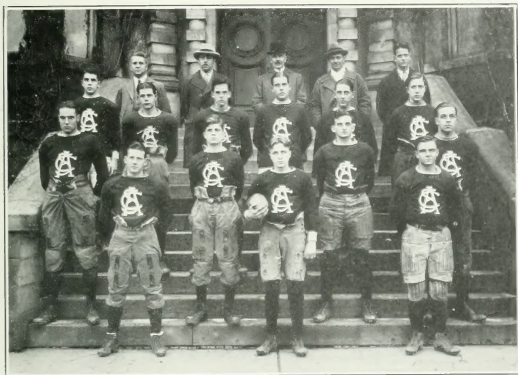
THE SECOND TEAM

Although the Second Team did not win all her games as has been done for the past five years nevertheless she put up a stiff struggle and gave her opponents strong opposition. The Seconds are to be congratulated on the way they turned out to practise day after day to act as a bumper for the first team, and if they had not done this we could not have had as fine a First Team as we had this fall. Many of the Second Team players were shifted up to the First squad and others were sent back so the team did not have a chance to practice together. This was perhaps the reason that they lost to Ridley.

The first game was played with U.T.S. II on our own grounds in the rain. This game we lost by the score of 8-13 because our players lacked pep and did not show the usual "fighting spirit." Russell and Heggie, however, did some very good running for us, while Gibson and Baillie scored touches for U.T.S.

The next game had a slightly different result when they defeated the U.C.C. Seconds by a score of 29-1, the S.A.C. team completely outclassing their opponents both offensively and defensively. Our half line showed

up very well, Fisher scoring two touchdowns and Russell I one. On the line Heggie was the outstanding player, making two touchdowns. The good tackling of Carrick and Reid smothered the U.C.C. attacks. The last three boys mentioned were later moved to the First Team. For U.C.C. Shelby was the chief yard-gainer, and the half line played very well considering the support that they got.



THE SECOND TEAM

The final game was played at St. Catharines against Ridley II, who won by a score of 23-0. Our team in this game did not play the rugby which they are capable of mainly on account of the lack of practice together.

The following Second Team colours were granted:

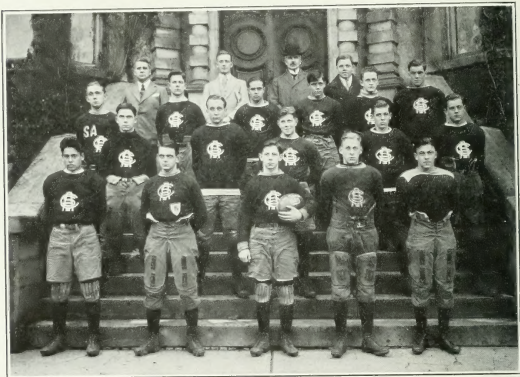
Mercer (Captain), Fisher, Careless I, Russell I, Oldman, Martin, Barber II, Rymal, Scott III, Turner I, Smily, Rolph, Dunlap II, Elliott, McLennan III, Savary, Knap.

W.O.L.

THIRD TEAM

The season was again a successful one for the Third Team, though not quite as good as last year. We played 9, won 6, tied 2 and lost 1; this, we believe, is only the third defeat the team has suffered since 1921.

Our early games were against two High School Teams, North Toronto and Oakwood. In both cases the first game resulted in a tie, 2-2 and 4-4 respectively, and the return fixture a victory by scores of 23-11 and 14-12. Many players were tried out, as the games were played under



THE THIRD TEAM

"snap" rules, and of these Taylor stood out for his drop-kicking, Broome for his tackling (he was unfortunately injured for the rest of the season), and Dennis for his running. The thirds also played a fairly strong second team about this time, and led 9-1 at half-time, but lost 23-9 in the end.

S.A.C. vs. U.T.S. 140 LB. TEAM

U.T.S. chalked up the first point on the score-board with a dead-line kick, while S.A.C. immediately followed suit, ending the scoring for the first period. In the second quarter both teams used the aerial route for scoring points. For S.A.C. Taylor coaxed his toe into dropping

over a field-goal, U.T.S. scoring on a rouge and S.A.C. again following suit. The third period produced nothing but a struggle back and forth. In the fourth, however, U.T.S. weakened, letting Lough get away, on a pass from Young, to run the length of the field for a touch converted by Taylor. This proved their real undoing and Lough went over the vital line for another five points in the dying moments, making the final score 19-2.

S.A.C. vs. B.R.C. (AT S.A.C.)

The Thirds started nervously and did not cope with the quickly executed plays of their opponents; a safety touch and a touch gave Ridley a 7 point lead before we got together and Allen went over for a touch. Fumbles in our back division again put B.R.C. on the offensive, and they scored a touch, which was converted—13-5. McKnight then got another touch and a point was added by kicking. Half-time 13-11.

The second half found the Thirds at their best; the backfield was steadier and the line tackled well. Lough made a 35 yard run for a touch, and Horsfall also bucked over. Taylor converted one and a B.R.C. kick was blocked for a safety touch. Final score 24-13. For S.A.C. Lough played a splendid game, and McLennan II, Coleman and Murphy tackled well. Allen was forced to retire in the first period and was unable to play the rest of the season; his absence weakened the kicking considerably.

S.A.C. vs. B.R.C. AT B.R.C.

Played on the day of the First Team victory, this was our only loss of the season. Our kicking was weak, and Dennis, playing with a bad knee, was nervous in the backfield. Ridley scored 3 points by kicking before half-time, and added another, and fell on a fumbled ball for a touch to make the final score 9-0. S.A.C., however, fought hard all through the game, and only bad luck at critical moments prevented them from entering the score column. Young, Horsfall and Taylor played well, while Owen and Gooderham were good for B.R.C.

S.A.C. vs. T.C.S.

Monday, November 2, the Thirds journeyed to T.C.S. to try out their mettle against the T.C.S. Seconds, and after a hard fought battle came out on top of a 17-7 score.

Horsfall ran up the first five points after a fairly long run, T.C.S. then came back and scored two on a safety touch. In the second half T.C.S. chalked up two points on a dead line kick and a rouge, but this only stirred up the S.A.C.'s spirit, which, by the way, is Scotch, for Murphy bucked over for a touch, which Taylor converted, then Young

on a pass from Horsfall romped over for another five, followed with a dead line by Costigane.

T.C.S. rallied and Ring dropped a goal, making the final score 17-7.

U.C.C. vs. S.A.C.

The closing of the season for the Third Team was featured by swamping the U.C.C. Thirds by a score of 28-5. Like the First Team, the Thirds seemed to take to the mud, the game being played in a combination of hail, rain and snow.

S.A.C. broke the 0-0 tie in the first period by two rouges, and an unconverted touch by Horsfall, Lumbers nailing his man for both the rouges. In the second quarter Lough splashed over for another touch, while in the third S.A.C. scored four points by kicking, Taylor placing a drop-kick between the posts, and Sclater kicking a touch in goal. Horsfall added another five by ploughing through the mucky field for a touch. Then Banfield, with a little luck, chalked up another five by squatting on a loose ball behind U.C.C.'s line. In the final quarter U.C.C. came back strongly by kicking our line down the field, and sending Deeks over for a touch in the last minute, making the final score 28-5.

Colours were awarded to the following:

Young (Capt.), Lough, McLennan II (J.D.), Horsfall II (R.), Herald, Coleman, Banfield, Taylor, Murphy, Costigan I (A.S.), Craig, Strathy, Miller, Hunnisett I (F.W.), Lumbers I (L.G.), McKnight, Dennis, Allen, Cornell.

W.C.H.

FOURTH TEAM

S.A.C. vs. T.C.S.

The first Fourth Team game of the season was with T.C.S., resulting in a 7-5 defeat for S.A.C. In the first half T.C.S. took the lead and kept it for first two periods, in which they scored a dead line and a converted touch.

Sclater did all the scoring for S.A.C. with a wonderful running drop in first half and a rouge and dead line in the second half.

Henderson bucked well, while Coleman and Strathy showed up in tackling.

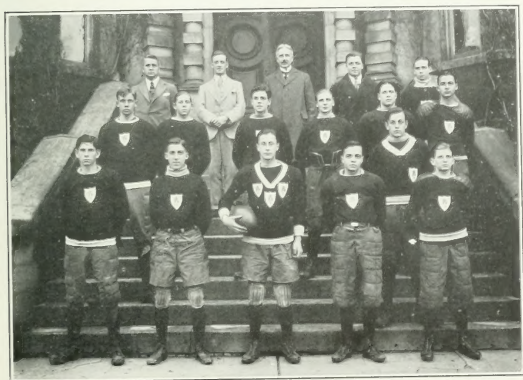
S.A.C. vs. MARTIN'S HOUSE U.C.C.

This game was marred by a gale of wind and a sleet storm. U.C.C. scored early in the game on a long run resulting in a touch; this was

soon followed by another touchdown which was scored on a fake kick. The second touch was converted. The first half ended with two more points for U.C.C.

S.A.C. had the better of the play in the second half, running up two points on a blocked kick on U.C.C.'s goal line, and two more on Sclater's kicking. Final score: U.C.C., 13. S.A.C., 4.

Strathy played a splendid game, standing out in tackling and plunging, while Sclater, Armstrong and Barber III also played well.



THE FOURTH TEAM

S.A.C. vs. U.C.C. (MARTIN'S HOUSE)

The third game was against U.C.C. on our own grounds. The Fourths, however, took the U.C.C. squad into camp by a rather one-sided score of 23-10. U.C.C. got off to a fine start, working the ball down the field and kicking for a rouge. But this proved their undoing for it roused the blood of the fighting Fourths, who, by a succession of end runs, with Miller, Sclater and Strathy passing to perfection, scored a touch through Miller.

In the second period Thorburn and Sclater both crossed the U.C.C. line with the ball, while Sclater booted the over-worked pigskin for a rouge. U.C.C. then changed their tactics, and securing a nicely judged on-side kick, galloped practically the whole length of the field for a

touchdown. A touch by Lundy, and a rouge, gave S.A.C. all the scoring in the third period. In the fourth U.C.C. dropped over an excellent field goal, while S.A.C. finished with a kick to the dead line.

Final score—S.A.C., 23. U.C.C., 10.

Colours were awarded to the following:

Slater (Capt.), Crowe, Armstrong, Patterson, Henderson, Marshall, Barber III (R.S.), McLean III (D.), Barber I (H.S.), Jackson, Lundy II (R.J.), Turner II (A.R.), Crusan, Ellsworth, Cover, Broome.

W.C.H.

THE FIFTH TEAM

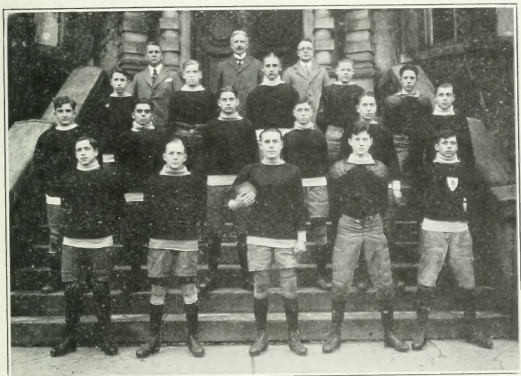
The "Fighting Fifths" had a most exciting, brilliant and successful season. In nine games played with other schools, they received the laurels in eight games and held the ninth to a tie score. The games were as follows:

St. Andrew's at Jackson's Jrs. (U.C.C.)	S.A.C. 33	U.C.C. 13
St. Andrew's at Appleby Seconds	S.A.C. 6	App. 5
Jackson's Jrs. at St. Andrew's	S.A.C. 42	U.C.C. 5
Model School at St. Andrew's	S.A.C. 46	Model 1
St. Andrew's at T.C.S. Fourths	S.A.C. 11	T.C.S. 0
U.T.S. 120's at St. Andrew's	S.A.C. 7	U.T.S. 4
Memorial Church at St. Andrew's	S.A.C. 11	Memor. 1
St. Andrew's at U.T.S. 120's	S.A.C. 11	U.T.S. 0
T.C.S. Fourths at St. Andrew's	S.A.C. 7	T.C.S. 7

The team averaged 119 pounds each in weight and, on the whole, were very even in size. Hannam, the captain, played a stellar game on the half line and ran through for yards on many occasions and scored more points than any other player. MacNeill, the quarter-back, did not have an off-day all season; his signals were ably delivered, and he often plunged through for yards and even points. Stronach, the centre half, kicked well all through the season, and was instrumental in bringing many points to the team's credit. To name any more players would be to name them all, for team-play was a distinct feature throughout the whole season. No one showed himself unwilling to pass the ball when it was to the team's advantage. A splendid spirit was shown by every player, no matter what the difficulties were before them.

The open style of play was used for the most part and most points were made from kicking and end runs. Onside kicks were used several times to good advantage. Splendid judgment was shown in running back kicks. The line showed great efficiency in making holes for the plungers. In most cases the tackling was of a very high standard.

In the last game of the season the team showed their great defensive skill by holding a very much heavier team six times on their one yard line without letting them through.



THE FIFTH TEAM

The line up was as follows: Flying wing, Fraser; right half, Hannam (Capt.); centre half, Stronach; left half, Robinson; quarter, MacNeill; scrimmage, Vivian I, Mackenzie, Dunkleman; insides, Giraldo and Randall; centre wings, Ferrer and Shortly; outside wings, Duggan and Ccx; subs., Gordon I, May I, Kingston, White I.

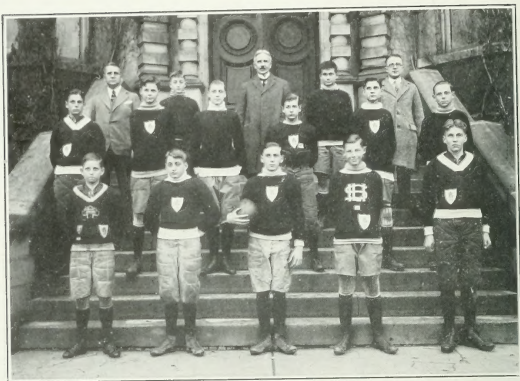
A.R.S.

THE SIXTH TEAM

This team turned out more or less faithfully for practice all season. However, in the two games played they were unsuccessful. The T.C.S. Fifties, whom they played, were much heavier and also superior on their play. However, their practice will stand them in good stead, we hope, and we are sure that they will be on a winning team next year.

The team consisted of the following boys: Hume, Scythes I, Acres, Fowler, Edmonds, Thomson I, Rea I, White II, Campbell II, Temple, Follett I, Green, Keeling, Duthie, Rhynas, Wilcox.

A.R.S.



THE SIXTH TEAM

LOWER SCHOOL

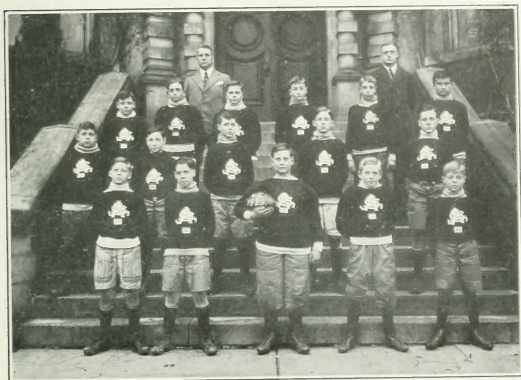
FOOTBALL SEASON, 1925

The Lower School have had a good season. Five matches were played, of which we won three. We made use of a great number of players during the season under the varying conditions imposed and owing to injuries. At the beginning of the season T. A. Gordon (II) made an excellent captain and was largely responsible for our victory over the Junior School T.C.S. Unfortunately he was injured towards the end of the game and was not able to play during the rest of the season.

W. M. Russel (III) captained the Lower School team in our matches against the Junior School B.R.C. A number of our best players were not eligible to play in these games. Randall, Russel III W. M. and Russell V J. D., worked very hard, but we were defeated in both matches. In our match with a team from Appleby School Edmonds was acting captain and an interesting game ended in a victory 6-3.

After Gordon II (T. A.)'s injury, Cosgrave I (J. C.) acted as captain and, largely owing to his leadership, we finished the season with a victory at Port Hope by 23-12.

The football team suffered this year from lack of coaching, and from the frequent changes in the leadership and composition of the team. Gordon II T. A., Russel III (W. M.) and May II (J. A.), played quarter-back during the season. Edmonds, Randall, Russell V (J. D.), McLean IV (J. G.), Thomson I (J. E.), Grant III (R. A.), and Barclay were prominent on the half-back line. Cosgrave I (J. C.) and Cummings were invaluable on the secondary defence, while Rea II (F. T.), Acres, Follett II (R.), and Sprott II (M.) distinguished themselves as outside wings.



THE LOWER SCHOOL TEAM

The most encouraging feature of the past season is the very great improvement shown by the whole team, and especially by some of the younger players. Colours were awarded to the following:

Cosgrave I J. C. (Capt.)

Russell V J. D.

McLean IV J. G.

Barclay

Rea II F. T.

Cummings

Sprott II M.

Russel III W. M.

May II J.A.

Grant III R. A.

Johnston II A. M.

Busson I G. E.

Macdonald IV C. C.

Sinclair I E. H.

Duncanson

Parker

Vowell

Robinson II P. L.

The following also played in some of the matches: Gordon II T. A., Randall, Edmonds, Campbell I C., Thomson I J. E., Acres, Cameron, Busson II H., Slingsby, Richardson II F. T., Sinclair II W. W., Follett II. R., Dunkelman, MacDonald V D. D., Dick, Annand, McAggy, and Ruddy.

Our thanks are due to Strathy for his able coaching on the few occasions when his services were not required elsewhere.

We congratulate Strathy on winning 3rd team colours; Gordon I G., Dunkelman and May I on 5th team colours, and Edmunds, Acres, Campbell I C., Thomson I J. E., on being awarded 6th team colours.

J. D. RUSSELL.



SCHOOL CAPTAINS

KEEP OFF THE CREASE

The Cricket Crease has been fenced off. Iron stakes have been driven into the corners of a piece of ground in the middle of the First Team field and joined with ropes, low enough for us to step over, but high enough for the dogs to run under, thus fencing off the crease. Next summer it will be the scene of many a hard-fought battle—if the gentlemanly game of cricket ever descends to battling—but at present it is a nuisance. Every afternoon the Cadet Corps wheels around it or, if military manoeuvres go wrong, falls over it. Then, when playing soccer, the crease seems to be the one direction the ball wishes to go. It is constantly rolling under the ropes and delaying the game while some one enters and recovers it. The game then begins again and, a moment later, the ball goes back to its favourite resting-place. At present, as I say, it is a nuisance, but next summer the pride of the school will loaf here for hours every day under the belief that they are playing a game. Also we—who are not the pride of the school—will be forced to turn out in the morning and push the roller up and down the crease to work off detention which kindly masters have given us for this very purpose. We must never forget then that the crease is sacred ground, and we must respect it with true school spirit. Keep off the crease.

J. D. MACDONALD.

A LETTER FROM AFRICA

To	From
Rev. D. Bruce Macdonald, M.A., LL.D.	Samuel K. Ali,
St. Andrew's College,	c/o Peter K. Klutse,
A Broading School for boys Uper School,	Miller's Sta.,
Toronto, Canada.	Keta G.C.
	West Africa.

Dear Sir:

I have few time to draw you this letter, that I want to journed your company, so I am begging you all to send me all the methods and secerts about the uper school, and teach me all the business about the uper school and give me the uniform about it ans send me book giving terms and full information. if this letter handed reply me quickly with all the things that I want. I want to stair here and you will be sending me all the lessons here and every month. I will be paying sixpence.

I remain here,

yours sincerely,

S. K. ALI.

A BUSINESS VENTURE

A few days ago I was personally interviewed by the agents of a new and most successful company, which is at present astonishing the business world. I refer, of course, to the D.D.D. (Don't Dread Detention) Insurance Company.

This company has been formed, so these gentlemen assured me, to make the serving of detention a pleasure rather than the labour it is at present. For, when a smiling master informs you that you have just received six quarters from him, if you hold a policy in the D.D.D. Company, it is just the same as if he had presented you with six cents, a cent for fifteen minutes detention being the magnificent sum to which you are entitled. Of course the company must also receive some money. Five cents a week is the sum which the directors, after much consultation, have decided on as the amount which the policy holder must pay in return for the benefits he is entitled to should the masters be kind enough to give him sufficient detention. This sum shows the great prospects of a policy holder in this company, for, by persistent effort any boy can receive his twenty quarters a week from the masters and make a profit of four hundred per cent. weekly, if the company is still in existence. Of course to do this a boy must work an hour of detention a day, but, after all, what is that?

This scheme should greatly cut down the list of boys that Mr. Fleming has to deal with every morning, for who would skip detention when, if he attends, he will be paid for it?

I am now in possession of a D.D.D. Insurance Policy, and hope soon to reap rich rewards from my investment if the masters will do their share by giving me plenty of detention.

J. D. M.

SOCIETY NOTE

(SPECIAL TO THE "REVIEW" FROM THE "DAILY HUSK", COCO ISLES)

It was reported at sundown yesterday evening that, commencing at moonrise last night, a fortnight of feastings and rejoicings would be held in honour of the marriage of Wof Wof Wif, the young heir and son of the late owner of the established firm of "The String-Bean Shoe-lace Co-operative Company, Limited," to the delightfully charming Citronella, tenth daughter of Mrs. and S. Y. Tanbark.

This, the most important social event of the year, takes place under the auspices of the Banana Oil Palm Gardens' Executive, who have spared themselves no pains in order that the large gathering of guests be accommodated.

In the millinery line many of the newest creations of the season may be seen, and it is noticed that among the younger smarter set the trailing flounce of Buffalo grass has given place to the longer skirt interwoven with swamp hay.

The bride appeared enchantingly sweet in her train of gorgeous orange blossoms, and the groom, showing his fine taste for harmony, wore lemon coloured spats and gloves. Among the many gifts presented to the young couple, which had been garnered from the farthest corners of the globe, the most prized were three white elephants and four glass hat-pins. After the ceremony the happy pair set out in the bride's new dugout for a lengthy tour of the Coco Isles, amidst a shower of rice, canary-seed and cocoanut pits from their many friends. After they had disappeared over the horizon the guests continued their celebrations and drank to the health of the newly-weds. Thus began the season's most select social event.

SCHOOL NEWS



PRIZE DAY

Monday, November the thirtieth, Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-five, our twenty-sixth annual distribution of prizes took place.

Careless Collegians entertained the early arrivals with a goodly number of popular selections.

The formal proceedings were opened with the singing of the school hymn "Fight the Good Fight," followed by a scripture reading and prayer by the Rev. R. McLeod.

Dr. Macdonald then spoke, giving a brief outline of the school year, dwelling for some time on the prospects of the new school in Aurora, where we expect to be comfortably settled by next autumn, and emphasizing the beneficial effect this new site of two hundred and nineteen acres in the country would have on the health of the boys. He thanked the staff for the gallant manner in which they had come to his aid in troublesome times and carried on during the brief periods when he was absent on business connected with the new school; and as headmaster he paid tribute to Sir Joseph Flavelle, Chairman of the Board of Governors, for his splendid leadership throughout the year. In concluding he extended his sincere thanks to the Board of Governors, all of whom are great men in their own calling, and expressed his satisfaction that St. Andrew's should have the good fortune to be blessed with such a Board.

In presenting some of the prizes, Sir Joseph spoke of a certain farmer, who despite having lived nearly his whole life out in the west where social life is practically nil, had nevertheless made the most of his opportunities, succeeded in life, and incidentally remained a gentleman. The moral of his little story being that regardless of our environment we should always act the part of a gentleman and make the best of the opportunities that are given to us.

Mayor Walton also spoke, and remarked that considering the healthful situation of the new school, it would probably be regarded not only as an excellent school, but a fine sanatorium, which he hoped quite good naturedly would not cause the governors to raise the fees.

Others who presented prizes were: Principal Hutton, The Hon. Dr. H. J. Cody, Sir Robert Falconer, Mrs. Campbell Macdonald and Mrs. K. R. Marshall.

The afternoon was brought to a close with the singing of "God Save the King."

The prize list was as follows:

GENERAL PROFICIENCY PRIZES

Preparatory Form

Group A

- 1st..... Bell, W. D., II
2nd..... Kingsmill
3rd..... Cleman

Group B

- 1st..... McIlwraith, W. G., I
2nd..... Rosar

Group C

- 1st..... Callum

Form I

- 1st..... Waller
2nd..... West
3rd..... Gurnell

Form II

- 1st..... Parker, J., II
2nd..... Rea, F. T., II
3rd..... Sinclair, E. H., I
Special..... Morlock
Special..... Cosgrave

Form IIIA

- 1st..... Reive
2nd..... Sprott, M. B., II
3rd..... Hume

Form IIIB

- 1st..... Black
2nd..... Bascom

- 3rd..... Campbell, C., II
4th..... Eaton, J. W., I

Form IVA

- 1st..... Rea, D. K., I
2nd..... McLean, D. E., III
3rd..... Barber
Special..... White, H. F., II

Form IVB

- 1st..... Robertson
2nd..... Lough
3rd..... Shortly, J. B., II

Form VA

- 1st..... Henderson
2nd..... Coleman

Form VB

- 1st..... Savary
2nd..... Young

Form L.VI

- 1st..... Drury
2nd..... Reid
3rd..... Watts
4th..... Macdonald, J. D., II

Form Upper VI

- 1st..... Dunlap, J. C., I
2nd..... Beauregard
3rd..... Smart

SPECIAL PRIZES

Head Prefect's Prize.....	Wood, S. B.
Wyld Prize in Latin.....	Beauregard, Samuel S. T.
Cooper Medal in Science.....	Thurber, E. M.
Asthon Medal in English.....	Macdonald, J. D.
Georges Etienne Cartier Medal in French.....	Wood, S. B.
Chairman's Gold Medal.....	Reid, G. A.
Lieutenant-Governor's Silver Medal.....	Dunlap, J. C., I
Lieutenant-Governor's Bronze Medal.....	Drury, H. A.
	Reid, G. A.
Governor-General's Medal.....	Cook, A. E.
Lawrence Crowe Cup & Medal (for shooting).....	Reid, G. A., I
Christie Cup.....	Parker, R.
Thorley Medal.....	Massie, R. H. L.
Gooderham Medal.....	White, I
48th Highlanders' Chapter of the I.O.D.E.	
Rifle for proficiency in shooting.....	Thurber, E. M.

RUGBY DINNER

The winning of our seventh Little Big Four Championship was very appropriately celebrated by a dinner in the dining-hall of the school on Friday, November the thirteenth, nineteen hundred and twenty-five. The Friday and the thirteenth being chosen, perhaps, just to show how really optimistic we are capable of being at times.

The dinner, which was not only very satisfying, but also very delightful, quickly disappeared to the sweet strains of music from Dr. Macdonald's radio, and aided by a large number of the First and Second Team huskies.

Following the dinner, everyone, except those who were to participate in the joyful ceremonies of proposing and replying to toasts, settled back comfortably and well satisfied, as one should be after an excellent repast, to enjoy the programme of the evening.

The programme was opened by a toast to the King proposed by Dr. Macdonald and followed by the National Anthem.

Mr. Robinson, in proposing the toast to Canada, quite excelled the reputation of his renowned namesake, so much so in fact that Brown, who was supposed to respond, was overawed to the extent of agreeing perfectly with him.

The toast to the school, proposed by the head prefect, Jack Dunlap, was responded to by Dr. Macdonald, who spoke at some length on the

prospects of the new school at Aurora and the help which he knew the boys would give him in carrying on the old traditions, also mentioning the fact that as we had won the Little Big Four Championship the first year that we played on our present grounds and the last, it would be rather fine to win it the first year in the new school.

Mr. Laidlaw proposed the toast to the First Team, to which Kirkland responded, concluding by presenting the coaches, Mr. Ramsay and Mr. Church, each with pipes, the smokeable brand known as Dunhills, on behalf of the First and Second Teams. While speaking of First Teams we would like to mention the presence of two real "old-timers", Messrs. Hausser and Hope who, when Dr. Macdonald mentioned the presence of the three balls, (that is the rugby ones) quite good-naturedly looked around for the presence of the third bald.

Among the governors present were Mr. Ross and Mr. W. B. McPherson, who is, incidentally, an old boy and who proposed the toast to the Athletic Association, responded to by Mr. Chapman, who seemed to be better known as George.

All things must come to an end, however, and even as this epistle must end, so ended the Rugby Dinner, though in a far more successful fashion.

Please note though that the success was largely due to the work of Mrs. Macdonald and Mrs. Montgomery, whom to, on behalf of the REVIEW, we wish to express our thanks.

W. C. K.



HOCKEY

S.A.C. played their first and last game in the S.P.A. series, when they met defeat at the hands of Toronto Canoe Club by a 3-2 score. Although outskated the greater part of the game, they nevertheless showed remarkable fighting spirit and determination which should carry them a long way in the O.H.A. The game started in a listless manner with T.C.C. forcing the play and scoring two goals. However, S.A.C. improved greatly in the remaining two periods, but on account of their poor markmanship lost many opportunities to score. With three minutes to play S.A.C. were rewarded for their efforts when, on a pass from Miller, Mercer beat C. Armstrong for the tying goal. Our enthusiasm was short-lived, for on the face-off Armstrong cleverly split the S.A.C. defense and beat Hunnisett. Whitehead was undoubtedly the star of the game. His rushes were a constant menace to his opponents; and he got S.A.C.'s first goal.

This year's team is much lighter and younger than last year's, but should with more practice and the able coaching of Mr. Watson, make a strong bid for the group honours. We consider ourselves very fortunate in obtaining the services of Mr. Watson as coach, and we wish him every success with the team.

O. L.

THE SENIOR CROSS COUNTRY RUN

After the close of the Rugby Season, and before the Hockey Season commences, it is customary for St. Andrew's College to hold its annual Cross Country Run. This year the date set was Tuesday, November 17.

The weather was bright and crisp, ideal weather for a run of this kind but on account of the incessant rain of the day before the ground was very slippery and it was hard to get a good footing.

The race was one of the most closely contested in the history of the school, the first three men finishing within one hundred yards of each other. McLennan II ran third for the greater part of the way, but in the last two miles pulled up into second place, finally passing Giraldo and gaining the lead with about three-quarters of a mile to go. But Giraldo passed him again and forced McLennan to run his fastest to pass him, which he finally did, finishing in first place 28 minutes and 25 seconds after they started off.

This is McLennan's second time for winning the race, and he gets his name on the Wallace Cup and a gold medal. Giraldo, who came

second, received a silver medal, and Herald the bronze medal for third place.

The cake-winners were:

Smily.....	Second Team Cake
Wilson.....	Upper Flat Cake
Duggan.....	Lower Flat Cake
Blackstock.....	Upper Sixth Cake
Crowe.....	Lower Sixth Cake
James.....	Fourth Form Cake
Turner II.....	Third Form Cake
McLean I.....	First Day Boy Cake
McLean IV.....	First Lower School Boy Cake
Ely I.....	Prize for last place

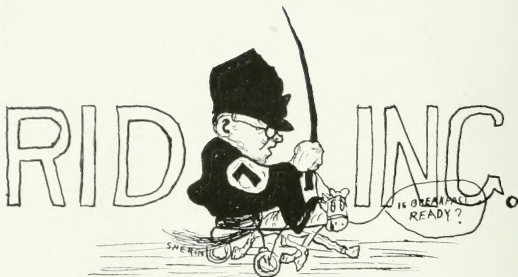
THE JUNIOR CROSS COUNTRY RUN

The Junior Cross Country was run on Thursday, November 12th. The day was damp and this made it unpleasant for the runners.

Mr. Chapman started the race sharp at 4 o'clock, and Le Vesconte took the lead, but was soon overtaken, and Russell V finished first. The winning of this race entitles him to the silver medal and to having his name put on the Campbell Macdonald Memorial Cup. As he was the first boarder to finish he gets his name on the Olympia Medal. Dinnick II was second and McLean IV third.

The cake winners were:

McLean IV, Neilson, Barclay, Cameron, Slingsby, Strathy, Ely I.



A long-looked-forward-to event has at last happened in the life of our riding school. Ever since the horses were first established, as one of the school recreations, Sid, otherwise known as Mr. Bishop, has been longing for jumps and trying, by foul means or fair, to have them erected so that the boys might learn the art of jumping and become real all-round horsemen.

It was not, however, until the term was well under way that the neatly whitewashed enclosure, with their barriers of rails and hedges, appeared on the far field. So, as the formal saying goes, we take this opportunity of congratulating "Sid" on his achievement, not only of having the jumps set up but also on the wonderful improvement which the horses and boys have shown since coming under his care, and we hope that at Aurora he will have a stable and equipment enough to gladden his hard-working heart.

SOCCER

For a brief period after the close of the football season we were able to indulge in a few games of Soccer. The Lower Flat seemed to produce most enthusiasts, for they were generally able to take on the others, and games between these two sides generally ended with honours fairly even. The referee sometimes needed some of the qualities of interpreter when Nakahara, Ferrer and Giraldo got entangled in an argument.

CADET CORPS

Departing from custom, the Cadet Corps has this year been organized with three large platoons in place of four small ones.

This is a great advantage over the old system, as it allows for the dividing of the platoons into sections large enough for satisfactory section drill.

Due to the nature of the weather to date, outside drill has been rather limited. The rainy days have, nevertheless, been occupied with drilling the awkward squad in the gym and with blackboard instruction for the officers and N.C.O.'s, who are taking more than usual interest in the drill work.

Despite the fact that the Corps is largely composed of new boys, it has, however, bright prospects, and every indication of coming up to the usual high standards.

The following is the appointment of officers:

Captain—Kirkland, W. C.

No. 1 Platoon—Lieut. Squires, W. D.

No. 2 Platoon—Lieut. Lentz, W. O.

No. 3 Platoon—Lieut. Horsfall, D. W. H.

C.S.M.—Dunlap, J. C.

DR. RENDALL'S VISIT

Dr. Rendall appeared as few Englishmen ever do, suddenly. He sent no embassy ahead of him, his picture did not appear in the *Star Weekly*, and he advertised his coming by his immediate presence only. Thus do great men arrive.

He chose a most inopportune time for his visit, namely, the last period on Tuesday afternoon. Soon after the last period was ended, the school went down to the assembly hall in the usual quiet and dignified manner employed when visitors are on the scene (that is to say, they went down no differently than they always do). When we had all assembled there, the new-comer showed himself to be a true Englishman after all. He kept us waiting.

There was a sudden hush as the two Drs., Macdonald and Rendall, came down the aisle followed by a young chap who looked as though he had just escaped from Oxford.

With a few well chosen words Dr. Macdonald introduced the stranger, and the discrepancies in the latest rumour were rectified. He was Dr. Rendall, the former headmaster of Winchester College, one of the largest boarding schools (meaning a boarding school in the Canadian sense) in the Old Country. He would honour us with a short address.

He spoke upon being a man and living up to our school motto. Told us that he was touring Canada for the express purpose of finding men for the Rhodes scholarships, and stated, as an illustration to his first remarks, that Rhodes gave fifty per cent. of its marks for character. From this he passed to a few interesting details about his old school. Winchester was the mother of all the English boarding schools, and was 521 years old. Most of the walls were six feet thick, and the school had among other traditions, a game of football of its own. Speaking of their War Memorial, he expanded into the subject of loyalty to our mother country, both past and future.

He closed by asking Dr. Macdonald, in a very novel way, that a half holiday be given to the school, and sat down amidst the very sincere applause of both masters and boys. Dr. Macdonald announced that the holiday would be held the following afternoon.

Dr. Rendall departed, leaving a very fine impression on the minds of his youthful audience, whom he had previously termed men, to their extreme delight. Most of the boys left the hall, having forgotten, in their interest, that a half hour of their free time had been imposed upon. This fact in itself proves the extent to which Dr. Rendall's visit was appreciated.

A. W. S.



We beg to acknowledge the following exchanges:

Acta Victoriana, Victoria College. A very fine magazine but could be made much more interesting by a few pictures.

Acadia Athenaeum, Acadia University. Your graduation number is extremely interesting and the articles well written.

Argus, Appleby School. Your magazine is much improved but a few more pictures or drawings would improve it greatly.

Black and Red, University Military School, B.C. A well gotten up magazine but lacks humour. A few jokes would improve it very much.

The Dumbell, Sherbrooke High School. Your jokes would be much better in one group instead of among the ads.

The Eagle, Bedford Modern School. We are always glad to receive exchanges from English schools. Your last issue is very interesting.

El Susurro, Monterey Union High School. Yours is one of our most interesting exchanges. Your illustrations are excellent.

The Fettesian, Fettes College. One of our English contemporaries. Yours is a well-compiled magazine but would be much improved by more pictures and a few jokes.

Hermes, Nutana Collegiate, Saskatoon. Your literary section is very interesting. Your athletics and class notes would be better separated more distinctly.

Horae Scholasticae, St. Paul's School. A few pictures would improve your magazine greatly. We congratulate you on the size of your exchange list.

The Lantern, Bedford Road Collegiate, Saskatoon. A new addition to our exchange column which we welcome. An excellent beginning, and we hope you will keep it up.

Macdonald College Magazine. Of your magazine we have no criticism to offer and find it very interesting throughout.

Trinity College School Record. Your magazine is well written and well balanced, but a few jokes would brighten it up.

St. Peter's College Magazine, Adelaide. We are glad to receive your magazine and we congratulate you on your literary pages, which are well written and extremely interesting.

The Vigornian, Worcester Cathedral King's School. Your magazine is a welcome addition to our exchange list. It is well compiled and edited, but a more substantial binding would add greatly to the appearance and quality of your publication.

The Windsorian, King's College School. A great improvement over your issue, and we are glad to see the increased number of contributions.

Hi Times, Corry High School.

Chronicle, Niagara Falls High School.

University of Toronto Monthly.

The News, Nichols School.

J. C. D.



OLD BOYS' NEWS

BIRTHS

- To MR. and MRS. R. P. SAUNDERS, on June 17th, 1925, a son.
To MR. and MRS. GEORGE E. LEISHMAN, on July 11th, 1925, a son.
To MR. and MRS. WILFRED W. BOLE, on July 14th, 1925, a daughter.
To MR. and MRS. J. M. DUFF, on July 14th, 1925, a daughter.
To MR. and MRS. ARTHUR S. WINCHESTER, on July 18th, 1925, a daughter.
To MR. and MRS. KENNETH G. MIGHT, on July 20th, 1925, a daughter
To MR. and MRS. WILFRED C. JAMES, on July 24th, 1925, a son.
To MR. and MRS. K. E. HAAS, on July 26th, 1925, a son.
To MR. and MRS. W. C. BARCLAY, on August 1st, 1925, twin sons.
To MR. and MRS. LESLIE FERGUSON, on August 14th, 1925, a son.
To MR. and MRS. E. ROSS COX, on August 19th, 1925, a daughter.
To MR. and MRS. HAROLD A. SOMERVILLE, on August 22nd, 1925, a son.
To MR. and MRS. RUSSELL HARTNEY MILLER on August 2nd, 1925, a daughter.
To DR. and MRS. W. BERKELEY STARK, on September 4th, 1925, a daughter.
To MR. and MRS. LEONARD PROWSE, on September 6th, 1925, a daughter.
To MR. and MRS. HENRY CASSELS, on September 13th, 1925, a son.
To MR. and MRS. DOUGLAS McCARTER, on October 7th, 1925, a son.
To MR. and MRS. F. C. HAMILTON, on October 14th, 1925, a son.
To MR. and MRS. C. E. HASTINGS, a son.
To MR. and MRS. H. G. KENT, on October 31st, 1925, a daughter.
To MR. and MRS. CLAUDE ASHBOURNE McMURTRY, on November 7th, 1925, a son.
To MR. and MRS. FRED L. MCCALLUM, on November 7th, 1925, a daughter.
To MR. and MRS. W. L. CHRISTIE, on November 8th, 1925, a son.

To MR. and MRS. MORRISON E. EARLE, on November 18th, 1925, a son.

To MR. and MRS. J. W. TAYLOR, on November 30th, 1925, a son.

To MR. and MRS. LYMAN B. JACKES, on November 30th, a daughter.

MARRIAGES

COREY, HARRISON, to MISS HELEN SCARSBROOK of Petrolia, Ont., on June 3rd, 1925.

PHIPPEN, LOUIS CARLYLE, to MISS HELEN ELIZABETH PATTON of Sarnia, Ont., on June 20th, 1925.

WHILLANS, J. HOWARD, to MISS DORIS McCLEARY of Toronto, on June 22nd, 1925.

RENDELL, HUBERT F., to MISS EDWINA HUTTON WOODS of Brookline, Mass., on May 6th, 1925.

WINTER, MARMADUKE, to MISS CAMPBELL in July, 1925.

MCLAUGHLAN, ROLAND RUSK, to MISS MARJORIE McCAY of Toronto, in September, 1925.

BEDLINGTON, ASHLEY D., to MISS HELEN WOODWARD, on October 3rd, 1925.

SMITH, HAROLD IRVING, to MISS LORRAINE MURIEL NETTERVILLE ABBOTT of London, Ont., on October 14th, 1925.

DAVIS, LEE STEVENSON, to MISS ALICE SUNDERLAND of Omaha, Nebraska, on October 15th, 1925.

TYRER, ELLIOTT GOLDEN, to MISS ELIZABETH BELLE JACOBS of Hanford, California, on October 23rd, 1925.

WATSON, T. W., to MISS GRACE APPELEGATH of Toronto, on November 7th, 1925.

GILLESPIE, MAJOR JOHN to MRS. SIMPSON OAKLEY of Toronto, on November 25th, 1925.

OBITUARY

CUTLER, THOMAS GRAHAM. Many Old Boys of the old days will learn with regret that Tom Cutler passed away on July 1st, 1925, at a comparatively early age. Cutler was born on January 3rd, 1883, and entered St. Andrew's College in September, 1902. He left school in 1906, and entered the Royal Bank of Canada, where his progress was steady. Some four years ago he was Manager of a Montreal Branch of the Bank. At that time he moved to Toronto. Latterly he had not enjoyed good health, and on July 1st, 1925, died at the home of his sister, Mrs. O. C. Jones, in Toronto. It has been our sad duty to record the death of his younger brother, Jack, while in France. The REVIEW extends the sympathy of his old school to the family which mourns his early death.

MORRISON, JAMES LEONARD, was born in Toronto on February 21st, 1911. He came to St. Andrew's College in September, 1922, from the Rosedale Public School, and entered Form I. His promotions were regular and the College year 1924-1925 found him in Form III. With a good year's record he received his promotion last June to Form IV.

On July 31st he was with a party out on a canoe trip. In the evening he and another lad went out for a paddle, and essayed to cross the river at the Norland Dam, near Coboconk. The canoe was overturned, and Morrison, who was a good swimmer, was drawn down by the suction of the swirling waters before he could reach a place of safety.

It is with real sorrow that the REVIEW records the death of so promising a boy, and with sincere feeling conveys to his bereaved parents an assurance of the deep sympathy of the whole school.

THE ANNUAL SMOKER

On October 30th, the eve of the Upper Canada game, some fifty or sixty Old Boys met at the College for a game of bridge, a pipe and a chat. The attendance at this gathering was rather disappointing but a pleasant feature was the presence of a good many of the older Old Boys, some of whom had not been back to the school for years.

During the evening, on behalf of the Old Boys, Adam Sproatt, one of the first forty-five boys enrolled in the school, presented Mrs. Macdonald with a beautiful bunch of red roses. Billy Gunn, another old-timer, had the honour of saying a few words in presenting a pipe to Dr. Macdonald.

The Headmaster, in reply, told of the building activities at Aurora and stated that the new school would be provided with accommodation for Old Boys who wished to revisit their old school. Dr. Macdonald said that he and Mrs. Macdonald both appreciated the interest the Old Boys took in the school, and they hoped that when the school moved to Aurora the Old Boys would continue to visit them as frequently as they have in the past.

An orchestra was in attendance and throughout the evening rendered the latest Jazz. At ten thirty a delightful supper was served.

No Old Boys' gathering is complete without the presence of "Fat" Osborne. On this occasion "Fat" was not allowed to make a speech, but we shall probably hear from him at the dinner in January. Other members of the "Old Guard" noticed were: Dick Burton, Jack Hope, Star Edmonds, Bill McPherson, Lyman Howe, Ed. Burns, "Rubber" MacKenzie, Jim Bicknell, Jack Duncan, Whiteford Bell, Bill Hanna, and several other old reliables, along with a host of more recent graduates.

THE ANNUAL DINNER

On Monday, January 11th, the annual Old Boys' dinner will be held at the College. Arrangements were being made to hold this dinner down town as has been the case in the last two years, but the Board of Governors have insisted that the Old Boys be their guests at the school. Notices will soon be mailed concerning this event, but if by any chance you fail to receive one, please accept this as an invitation. Remember the date—*Monday, January 11th, 1926.*

This will be the last opportunity for a "gathering of the clan" in the present college. We want a record crowd on hand. Premier Ferguson has promised to be present, and there will be many other interesting speakers.

Come and have a last meal in the old school dining room!

OLD BOYS' NEWS

Ashley Bedlington is with the Telfer Biscuit Co., Toronto.

A. A. Ingram of Midland called at the school this autumn. He is practising law in Midland.

Our congratulations to Lieut.-Col. R. J. Gill on his appointment to the command of the Brockville Rifles.

Eric S. Skead has been taking out timber for the C.P.R. and C.N.R. His headquarters are in Sault Ste. Marie.

Col. H. F. H. Hertzberg, C.M.G., D.S.O., M.C., has been appointed General Staff Officer at R.M.C.

Col. Vincent Massey was appointed Minister without Portfolio in the King Government and in the recent Dominion election was Liberal candidate in Durham. Another St. Andrew's Old Boy, Lieut.-Col. R. J. Gill, had previously received the nomination in this riding but he resigned in favour of Vincent Massey.

W. H. Comstock was the Liberal candidate in Leeds County in the recent Dominion election.

J. Gordon Ross was a successful Liberal candidate in the constituency of Moose Jaw in the recent elections. Ross has been farming and ranching in the district of Moose Jaw for the past fifteen years.

Last spring the executive committee of the Old Boys' Association decided that it would discontinue the publication of the *Bulletin* and would ask for additional space in the College paper, the *REVIEW*. No doubt there are many who are sorry to see the *Bulletin* pass out of existence. It was always a bright, interesting, gossipy little paper, but to edit, publish and distribute it cost a good deal of time and money. The idea of an Old Boys' paper came, I believe, originally from Ed.

Burns. Clarke Acton very generously offered to print the *Bulletin* for the first year; but I don't think an Old Boys' paper would ever have materialized had it not been for the energy and enthusiasm of Lyman Howe and Ed. Whitaker who, at the time, were president and secretary, respectively, of the Association. Lyman, apparently, had always had a passion for journalism and the "Bull." became his child to be cherished by him for a year or more. Yes, the Old Boys' paper was a hobby of Lyman's. He found the job of editing this paper so entirely different to the wholesale drug business that he began to take a keen joy in it and nearly forgot several golfing engagements. Many criticized the *Bulletin* rather harshly. Some said it lacked dignity; some chuckled over the jokes and then said it was vulgar; some said it was too much like a trade journal; others said it was too much of a joke book. There was lots of criticism from fellows who never thought of contributing even the smallest news item, yet those in charge just smiled and went ahead getting out the magazine with fair regularity.

Bill Hanna undertook to print the *Bulletin* during the second year of its life, and he turned out a very attractive looking paper. In appearance the *Bulletin* had improved but its news seemed to be less interesting than in the earlier issues. Lyman Howe had resigned from his office as President and soon after the executive lost Lyman, his child, the *Bulletin*, died a lingering death and I, for one, am sorry that our Old Boys' journal is no more.

St. Andrew's College has for many years had the reputation of being a "football school." It has many other claims to fame, but it is well known for the quality of its football. It is interesting to note the number of S.A.C. Old Boys who have been playing on senior and intermediate teams during the past season.

Joe Cameron played a wonderful game on the McGill back-division. He is considered by many the outstanding player on the McGill team. "Mike" Tucker was also a member of the McGill senior squad. Gerald Reid and M. Taggart played on the Science team.

At Toronto University Bruce King has played on the senior team for the last three years; Fred McTaggart played on the intermediates; "Stuffy" Mueller represented us on the Juniors, and several other Old Boys played on Mulock Cup teams.

As far as we know, there is only one Old Boy playing football at Queen's—Wynne Baldwin has made a place on the second team and should soon be filling his brother's place as quarterback on the seniors.

At R.M.C. Bruce Graham played a star game at outside wing.

We were well represented on this year's Argonaut team. There were no less than four Andreans figuring in their line-up—Bradley, Hambly, Paul and Miller.

With Balmy Beach we had "Benny" Hoops and George Stronach.

"Jerry" Ault played a very useful game as sub-half on the champion Ottawa team.

"Jo Jo" Stirrett was again with the London team.

Many Old Boys living in Toronto found themselves too busy to enter the game very seriously and some of these enjoyed a few matches with United Colleges. Among these were Bob Drury, Ted McMurtry, Jim Burry, Harvey Draper and Bruce Findlay.

We know our list is far from complete but we wonder if any other school can display such an array of football talent.

Whiteford Bell, Secretary of the Old Boys' Association, said he wanted six or seven pages of Old Boys' news in this number of the REVIEW, but if the O.B.'s don't send along information about themselves we shall find it rather difficult to use this space. Send along news that you think might interest other Old Boys, news of yourself or of another Andrean. Miss Daisy Brookes keeps a record of all your doings, so send your information to her and she will pass it along to the REVIEW.

Dr. C. Alexander McIntosh, who has been in the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, for one year, has gone to Ann Arbor, Michigan, for a year.

Robt. P. Hastey of Ottawa has been living in Chicago for the past year.

Lyle H. Johnson of Ottawa is with the Government Radio Department in Cape Race, Newfoundland.

G. L. Patterson is now the Toronto representative of the Long Lumber Co.

J. D. F. Ross is practising law in Toronto. He has recently gone into partnership with Mr. W. J. Beaton under the name of Beaton and Ross. Their offices are in the Northern Ontario Building.

John R. Allen is back in Ottawa with the Ottawa Car Co.

Vincent Wildman is now living in Grand Rapids, Mich. He is a furniture designer.

Dr. John M. McEachern has obtained an appointment as Pathologist in one of the Winnipeg hospitals.

David Findlay is at Osgoode Hall, Hamilton Findlay with Findlay Bros. at Carleton Place, and George Findlay is in his fourth year at Varsity.

G. H. Rennie and S. B. Wood are on the staff of the *McGill Daily*.

Charles Lewis is assistant manager of the McGill Swimming Club.

D. H. Ellis, who graduated in Science from McGill last spring, has been awarded the LeRoy Fellowship in Geology.

"Hink" Russell has been elected chairman of the Junior Prom Committee at McGill.

R. E. Dingman is with the Beaver Products, Buffalo.

We hear that Roper Dayment recently caused a great sensation in the United States by wearing a kilt.

"Hap" Earle, II, is a Housemaster at the College. There are at present three Old Boys on the house staff at the school.

Kinnear Cross paid a visit to the school in September. He has gone to Nassau, Bahamas, with the Royal Bank.

Russell Black is with the Sun Life Assurance Co., Toronto.

Jack Cameron is back in Toronto again. He is with Fry, Mills and Spence, bond brokers. "Bev." Balmer is also with this firm.

Ashley Kilgour and Everett Smith are with the Packard Motor Co., Toronto.

Tom Aspden is in the House Furnishing Department of the T. Eaton Co.

The Review extends sincere sympathy to Mr. and Mrs Roy P. Findlay of Owen Sound, in the death of their daughter, Muriel Findlay aged nine years and seven months.



LOWER SCHOOL NOTES



The Lower School "cherubs" have been so good this term that there is really little to record in this section of the REVIEW (reserved at enormous expense). The Lower School Scribe, therefore, has been compelled to invent doings of imaginary cherubs. Needless to say, no S.A.C. L.S.B. would dream of "throwing soot about."

Three cherubs once went out to play.
"We're tired of harps and things," said they;
"And now we're going to run away."
And the harbour bar was moaning.

They teased the Twins and spoilt their play;
They led a shooting star astray,
And tumbled in the milky way.
And the harbour bar was moaning.

At last they reached a Certain Place
(Their wings by now were a *disgrace*)
And soon were in a sorry case.
And the harbour bar was moaning.

They punched a baby devil's snout,
And laughed to see the sparks fly out,
Then started throwing soot about.
And the harbour bar was moaning.

Then at the end of all their ploys,
Back home they crept and made no noise.
St. Peter said, "You *dirty* boys."
And the harbour bar was moaning.

And then stern Michael said, "Come here.
I'll teach you not to act so queer."
(It *wasn't* cakes and ginger beer.)
And the harbour bar (?) was moaning.

Now to describe the angels' pain,
 And how they got them clean again,
 To ask of me is all in vain.
 And the harbour bar was moaning.

LATEST PUBLICATIONS

"It Pays to Advertise "

or

The Morning Mail.

—GEORGE MAY.

Safety Razors and Soap.

CHESTER MACDONALD.

Farm Life.

—"BOOB" BRIDGEMAN.

Life in the Sickroom

or

Monday to Friday.

—BLAKE REIVE AND BILIOUS BURCH.

Idle Hours with Four-footed Companions.

—BAKER.

Matrimonial Adventures.

—BLAKE REIVE.

The Insect World.

—ALAN ACRES.

The Dangers of Generosity.

—BILL SINCLAIR.

J. PARKER.

'Bolony'

—By the author of 'Applesauce'.

We have no first-hand information concerning the ancestry of Bill Sinclair, but we have reason to believe that his forefathers emigrated from Scotland. We are informed by boys from Upper South that he buttons his collar on a mole on the back of his neck to save the price of a collar button.

The dejected manner in which Barney, a mere ghost of his former self, has been wandering around the Lower School for the last few weeks has been the cause of much speculation. Bill Macdonald, however, provided us the other day with the necessary explanation. He reports a conversation overheard on the Lower School steps between Barney and Ginger. Apparently the canine disturbance which he (Barney) and his associates were wont to stage on the lawn, much to the consternation of the neighbours, have been completely outshone by the efforts of the Lower School orchestra.

SCOTTISH STRATEGY

Extract from a Second Form boy's account of the Battle of Bannockburn: "The English arrived tired from long marching. . . . Bruce had dug pits in front of his army. Among the pits he had placed *steaks*. The English charged at the *steaks* and fell in the pits."

Evidently Robert Bruce realized that long marching is apt to create hunger as well as fatigue.

There was a young fellow called Barclay,
Who used to do devil's deeds, darkly.

Into class he would come,
Having purchased some gum,
And chew with voracity—sharkly.

THE BIG GAME AS WE SAW IT

For two or three weeks before the great game there was a great deal of talk about it. The Upper Canada team were confident that they could beat us, but our boys thought that the result was going to be in our favour. The game was to be played on Saturday. On Friday morning, after chapel, we sang the school football song to the team. Saturday morning dawned without a breath of wind, and as the sun got warmer it left the field in rather a mucky state owing to the recent rains and snow.

The U.C.C. team came on to the field first, looking very smart in their blue and white sweaters. The boys gave the Upper Canada yell. Our team then came on and were given a "hoot." After a short practice the referee called the teams together to emphasize a few points about the rules. The Blue and White won the toss and we kicked off from the north end of the field. Our rivals' halves ran up nicely but were finally tackled. U.C.C. gradually forced us back, and our halves were forced to rouge. Nothing very exciting happened until the middle of the second period, when on a buck Heggie passed to Reid, who went over for an unconverted touchdown.

Towards the end of the period the boys from the hill had us on our fifteen yard line, but Lovering got the ball on an end run, faked a pass to Sheppard and ran thirty yards.

He kicked on the first down and regained his own punt. He then kicked behind the U.C.C. line, and when Doherty fumbled Scott fell on the ball for an unconverted touchdown. At half time the score was eleven to one in our favour.

The ball was kicked off and last year's champions started a hard fight. It was all our boys could do to hold them, and U.C.C. finally got a touchdown. From then on it was a stern fight. They came very near to our line but did not score any more. At the beginning of the last period we managed by good play to get another point. The Blue and White then became desperate and sent one of their three halves up to the line, with good results. They nearly scored, but we always managed to come through in the pinches, and the game ended twelve to six for St. Andrew's.

J. PARKER, IIIA.



THE PERFECT BOY

I always have my leave-card signed,
 I always wash my neck,
 I never get detention,
 And I never will, by heck!
 At Church I give a quarter,
 And wear a bowler hat,
 I never dare go near the tuck
 Because it makes me fat.
 At night I go to bye-bye,
 As all good boys are wont,
 And do I have a heap of fun???
 You can bet your life I don't.

Signed—PAUL PETROLEUM.



"AS THE HAIR-BRUSH LEFT IT"

Mr. Fleming (in a fifth form Geometry class): "Taylor, does ABC = DEF?"

Taylor: "I'll bite, does it?"

Heggie, at dinner: "Gee, that's a nice ham at the Master's table."

Russell: "Which one?"

Foster to Mr. Goodman: "What vibration is it that makes our shoes squeak?"

Mr. Goodman: "The sole vibration."

Mr. Fleming (in the lower sixth): "I wish that all the boys who want to walk on the master's table would kindly wipe their feet beforehand."

Dinnick to Mr. Widdrington: "Wolsey wouldn't be considered clever nowadays, would he?—he'd just be like you and me."

Hickey McLennan says that it's speed that counts in the long run.

Clerk: "Yes, and here we have a book that will do half your work!"

Cameron: "That's fine, give me two . . . quickly."



"KEEPING THAT SCHOOL BOY COMPLEXION"

St. Andrew's College,
Toronto, Sept. 7th, 1925.

DEAR MA,

I arrived in Toronto at the Union Station: a nice master met me there and we played a funny game of hopping through a lot of trains which were in our way. He didn't seem to like it but I thought it was great so I gave him some of my suit-cases and ran on into the lobby. The lobby is a funny place with lots of noise, and lights n' everything: and so I met a man with a big tummy who came over to me and yelled "King Edward?" "No," I told him straight-like, "I'm just Jimmie Button," and I offered him one of those little onions you tucked in with my pyjamas. Then he said something which you wouldn't have liked and went away and wasn't a bit interested in anything 'cept "King Edward." I didn't like him, although he looked something like old

Mrs. Green's bull, when the master came along he was awful' mad 'cause he had dropped that bag of apples you gave me, and told me not to speak to strange people. I'll say that guy was strange. I asked Mr. —, I forget his name, why he didn't wear a nice red cap like the other boys in the station, but he told me not to ask so many questions so I didn't. And told him all about the farm instead, until we got to school, where I met Mr. Tudball. I'm going to have lots of fun, but I've got to go down and eat. I always was hungry, wasn't I, Ma. Has Liz still got the mumps? Tell her I'm sorry, I'm having a Swell time myself. Give my love to all the animals and Pa,

JIMMIE.

Crowe really has a really stirring voice. . . . It is unanimously suggested that he go abroad to study . . . soon.



After Jackson had made several scientific *faux pas* and had finally lapsed into silence a small voice chirped up: "I hope I don't talk that much in my sleep!"

Her teeth are just like verbs, sighed Jackson—Regular, irregular and defective.

Youngster (in upper sixth Latin class): "Yes, and our word 'parent' is derived from 'pareo,' to obey."

Excerpt from IIIrd Form Composition: "St. Andrew's started the second quarter with a dead-line. . . ."

Voice: "What about the half-backs?"

R. I. P.

- R. Here lies Lauder but not alive,
He made his Ford do thirty-five.
- I. Donnenfield drove a Chevrolet,
He died maintaining his right of way.
- P. Here lie the remains of Georgie James,
Ice on the hills—he had no chains.
- P. Here lie the remains of poor McKnight,
He rode the streets without a light.

Here lies A. Stone.

Thus if you wish to stay alive
In an automobile you will not drive.

PAX VOBISCUM.



MacLean: "How old is Cicero, anyway?"

Marshall: "Figure it out for yourself, he once taught Caesar."

Mr. Widdrington: "What encouragement did Talon give the French-Canadians to marry?"

Bright Lad: "He gave them wine, Sir."

Lentz (admiring himself before mirror): "I'm not so bad-looking, am I?"

Brown: "You make me sick."

Lentz: "Make you look sick you mean."

Mr. Laidlaw: "Boys, don't take this Ancient History too seriously; in fact, I hope you won't leave school with a lot of it in your heads; of course, some of you may find it a help in selling bonds or . . . or . . . ?"

Slater, with alacrity: "Talking to the Greeks on the railroad."

CURRENT FICTION

The Four Horsemen—Lentz, Slater, Oldman, Marlatt.

How I achieved physical perfection—C. Giraldo.

A Student in Arms—Denny MacDonald.

Les Misérables—Oldman and Marlatt, week-end, Nov. 14, 1.30 p.m.

Do or Die—Practically everyone 1 week before exams.

The Toast-Maker—Mrs. Montgomery (8 a.m.).

How to Charleston—Donnenfield.

Letters from France—Brown.

Why I gave up the stage—Valentine.

The Dashaway boys and their radio—Green and Keeling.



Mr. McGee: "Now, we'll begin with 'Der Erlk nig' to-day. Hunnissett, you translate the first line."

Hunnissett: "Oh, Gee whiz!"

Mr. McGee (scrutinizing his book): "No, wrong from the start. Where do you see that?"

"Quit ye like men, be strong," whispered the maid as she dropped a trayful of dishes.

Valentine wants to know why Ivory soap won't float in the shower.

Mr. McGee (in the Upper Sixth): "Is your name Greening or Keel?"
 Innocent Green: "Yes, Sir."

Mr. Ramsey: "Now, Knapp, conjugate 'donner.' I'm going to ask questions according to rank, to-day."

Voice from North-West portion of the class: "That's it, rankest always first."

Aurora hasn't many buildings, we admit, but just look at the parking space.

Lentz (compassionately): "What happened to your hand?"

Hockin: "I went down town searching for some cigarettes, and some poor sap didn't look where he was walking."

Note—Personally, I think this a low-down joke.



"FAMILIAR FINANCE"

Mr. Stone, the other day, held up a globe before Valentine and asked what country is opposite us on the globe. The question produced no effect. "Tut, tut," remonstrated Mr. S., "if I were to bore a hole through the earth and you were to go in at this end, where would you come out?"

"At the other end," smiled back Valentine triumphantly.

One of the lads in Lower VIB translating Caesar passage: "... and so the Romans, throwing away their pipes, rushed up the walls."

Romeo Savary (at Arena): "Won't you *please* give me this band?"

Strange Juliet: "I will not."

Romeo (with great emotion): "Come on, be a sport."

Juliet: "G'wan, I'm a sport, but I'm not a fool."

STATISTICS

3 of the new boys arrived 3 days early for school.

13 made their beds on nearly as many Wednesdays.

136 leave-cards were left unsigned.

146 class pins were sent to various Young Ladies' Colleges.

156 of the lads wanted to visit their 2nd cousins over the week-end (some also always had a desire to go to the Museum on Saturday morning).

Crusan (arriving on Sept. 7th): "I'm nearly starved; just got in from Philadelphia."

Duggan: "Why didn't you get something on the train?"

Crusan: "I couldn't, it was a 'fast' train."



Alf. Savary: "Ooks, is there any difference between a vision and a sight?"

Carrick: "No."

Savary: "Then my girl's a vision, and yours is a . . ." (Alfred is slowly recovering!)

Carlos Giraldo (ascending stairs after a party in the Headmaster's home): "Now, then, boys, make a noise quietly!"

Gussie McLennan was so disappointed that he couldn't get off to see Santa Claus on Saturday; however, he felt better when some of his friends kindly told him that it was all a big fake.

Moffat has had a rather hard time this term in choosing between Mr. Norton and Lacrosse. It's great fun to watch Master and boy at a friendly little game of hide-and-go-seek.

The "Upper Flat Tribunal" has decided to impose on the Hennessy twins a sentence of their remaining for fifteen minutes without their hands in their pockets. (If the condemned perform correctly Nurse Carpenter will be on hand to treat any cases of sudden shock.)

A suggestion was recently made that a special telephone line be installed between the College and The Toronto Conservatory of Music. The idea fell through, however, as an agreement could not be made as to whether it should be placed in the corridor or the masters' common room.

The College is most fortunate in having two such famous exponents of the "Charleston" as Savary and Donnenfield . . . they're a great pair.



Mr. Laidlaw: "Really, boys, if you don't stop kicking up this row we'll have to postpone the test."

Boys, with ready response: (!!!).

Mercer: "Gee, Bill, I've got an awful headache; it's just splitting."
Lovering: "Well, shut the mouth, Mercer!"

Mr. Stone (waxing eloquent in a History class): "The progress of this continent during the last few years has been most gratifying. Take, for example, the one small item of defence, where was the police force of New York five years ago?"

Murphy (proudly): "In Ireland, Sir."

Voice on the field, as Mr. Widdrington heads the ball: "Nice wood-work, Sir."

There was a young man called Tweedle,
 Who refused to take his degree.
 He said it's enough to be Tweedle
 Without being Tweedle dee dee.



St. Andrew's College,
 Rosedale, Oct. 7th.

DEAR MA,

I'm feelin' sore 'cause a lot of the boys went and 'nitiated me. They said I needed more school spirit, but I told them that you didn't even let Daddy drink. The inition didn't have anything to do with spirits . . . so tell Dad that I'll never be able to help him make shingles any more. We are all playing Rugby now and I'm substitute and water-boy; it's better than nothing but I'd rather play croquet any day. How do you like our form-pin, pretty smart, eh? . . . I'm ordering two dozen, aren't you happy? We play fire-engine with that alarm clock you sent 'cause Mr. Tudball wakes us up every morning; it's funny he doesn't forget. At the beginning of term I used to go over to the stables every morning, but when I saw all the horses and Mr. Sid Bishop it made me homesick so I go to the "tuck" instead. I treat a lot of the boys every day . . . gee, I'm popular. Will you please send me some more money . . . SOON. Latin's an awful funny thing, but I'm quick at picking up stuff like that, and the master says that if the rest of the class was like me he didn't know where we'd be. I was awful' pleased, but don't tell anyone; he also said I was incorrigible, doesn't that sound great? Well, I must "furmer mentenant" (that's French) with heaps of "amoor" (that's French too).

Your loving "puer,"
 JIMMIE.

P.S.—I'm sending my sweater home, and cuttin' the buttons so's to save postage.

Another P.S.—You'll find them in the right-hand pocket.

If when upon these puns you gaze
You don't see fit to grin,
Why not hunt up a few yourself
And come and hand them in.

WE NOMINATE FOR OUR HALL OF FAME

No. 1.

JOHN TURNBULL.

Because he has managed "The Noble Fourths" through thick and thin and allowed them to sustain but two losses. To see him tearing madly across the Rugby Field with a water-pail is a rare treat (very rare). Fight on, John, we expect even nobler things yet.

No. 2.

LEONARD LUMBERS.

Because he never fails to take advantage of all opportunities; for example, we admit that it was Kent who fainted in front of Branksome Hall the other day, but it was little Leonard who carried him in. Lumbers also plays golf.

No. 3.

"RUDY" VALENTINE.

Because he has had the courage and determination to refuse fabulous offers from the great movie magnates to star in some of the most recent productions, because he has a keen sense of humour and sympathy and is now engaged in writing a pamphlet on the treatment of dumb animals. He already experiments with mice in his room at night (be careful, Rudy, they bite!)

No. 4.

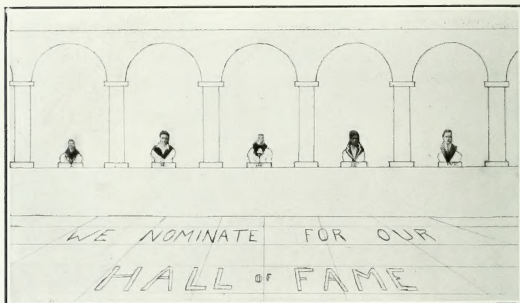
"OOKS" CARRICK.

Because he is one of "The notorious THREE" and is at present doing his best to live down the reputation set up by his brothers. Alex plays the bagpipes and expends his spare time and energy in coaching Lumbers in the fine points of golf.

No. 5.

GUS McLENNAN ("Gus, the bugler boy")

Because he is first of all Eddy's brother, and that is undoubtedly a great advantage to begin with. Mr. McLennan, as he prefers to be called, plays rugby, lacrosse, bridge and marbles with the same steadfastness and alacrity which characterizes his every move. He also burns the toast in 206, although many have predicted a sure position for Gus in the College "rendez-vous" Bowles . . . that is as soon as Angus takes his degree.



St. Andrew's College Toronto

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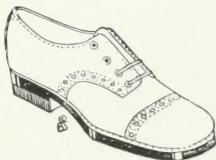
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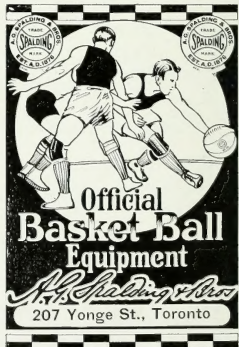
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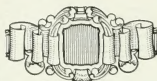
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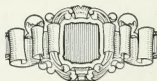
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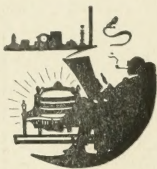
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